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CHARITY IN THE PHILIPPINES



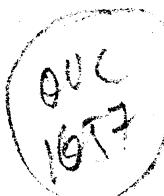
MORILLA MARIA NORTON

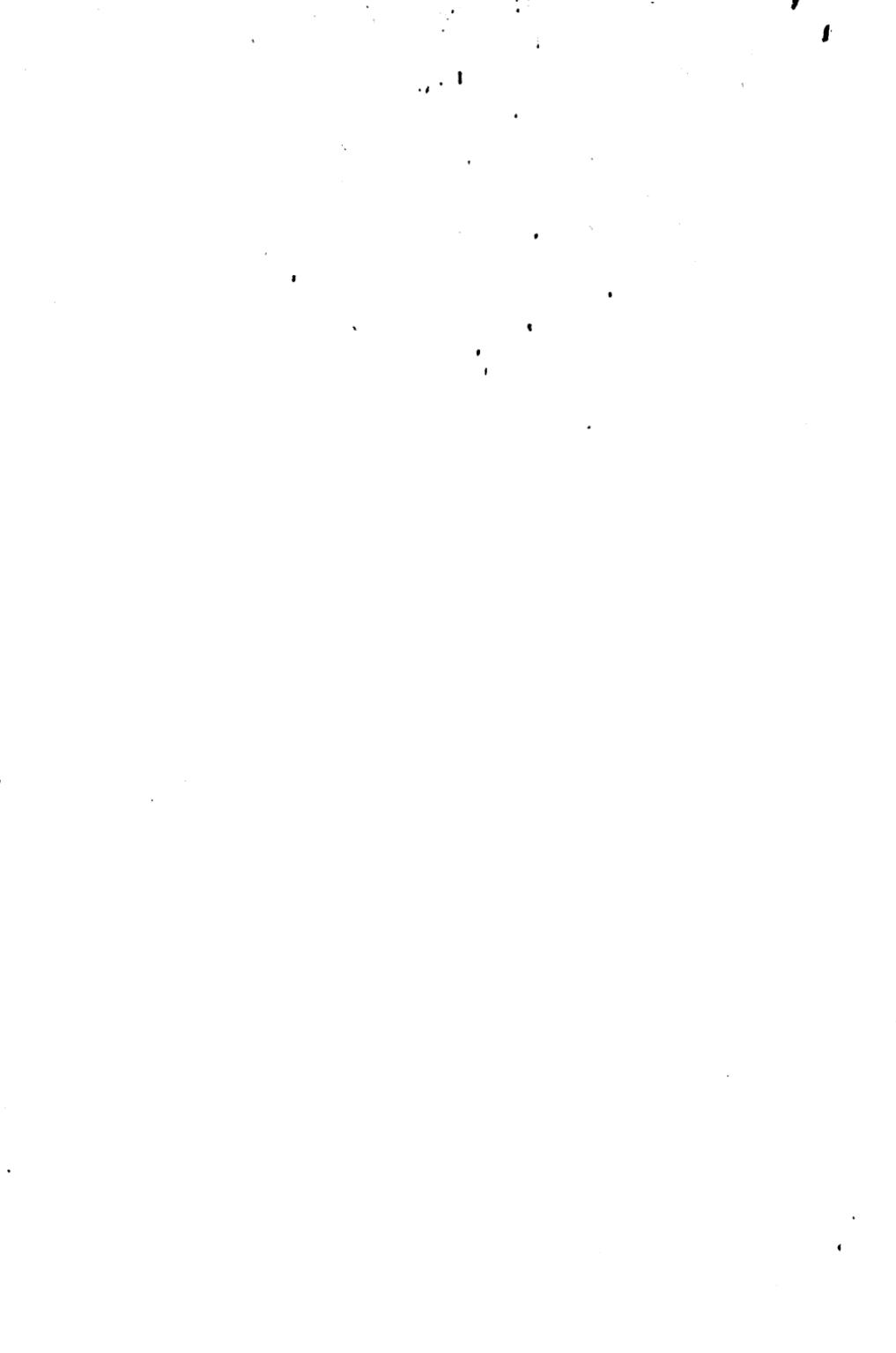
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CHARITY IN THE PHILIPPINES

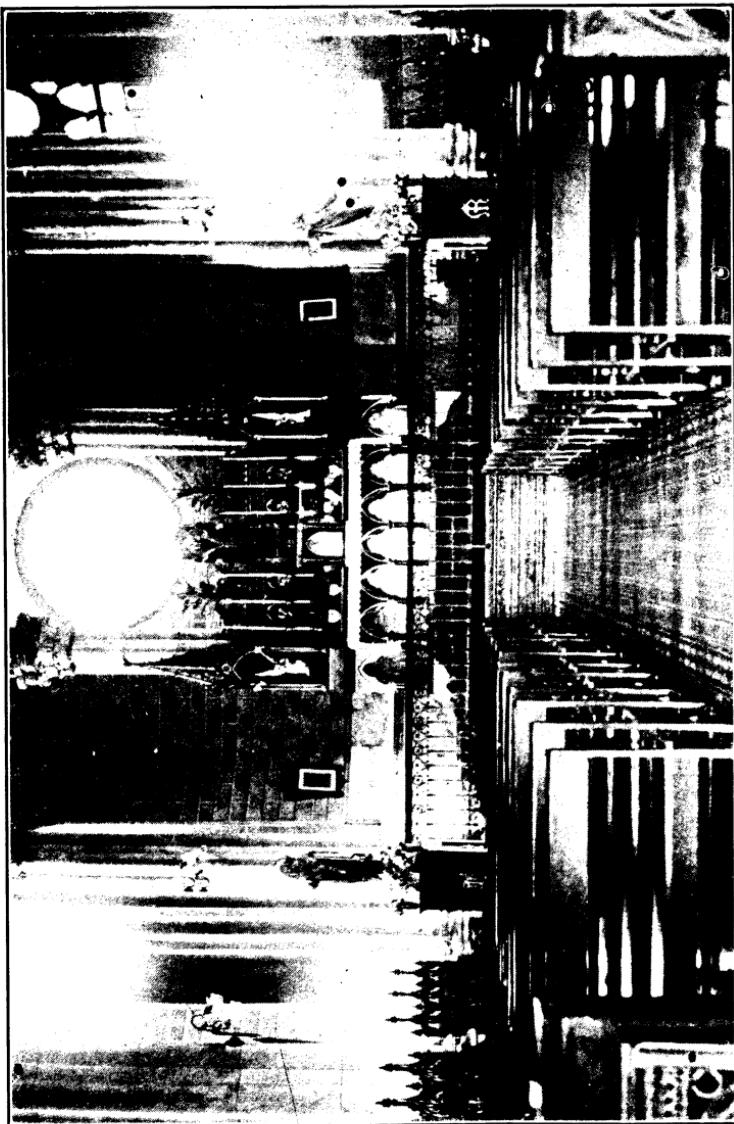
MODERN











In the Gothic chapel of the Assumption

CHARITY IN THE PHILIPPINES

MORILLA MARIA NORTON

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TO THE SISTERS OF CHARITY
AND
THE ORDERS OF ST. PAUL OF CHARTRES
AND OF THE ASSUMPTION
THIS BOOK IS OFFERED AS A
RESPECTFUL HOMAGE FOR
THEIR GREAT SERVICES TO
THE PHILIPPINES

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Gloria victis (a drama), America
Verses from the Orient (poems), Manila
A Kingdom of the Sea (poems), Manila
Songs of the Pacific (poems), Manila
Songs of Heroes and Days (poems), Tokyo
Outposts of Asia (prose), Manila
Quills and Seals (prose), Manila.

Sainthood has not passed away; daily we are conscious of this fact here in this far-away land of the Philippines.

The romance of helping the poor is as thrilling as any page of fiction. It is a pleasure that never fags, never exhausts the soul joy.

The men and women who built these institutions found it out long ago and the shining eyes and unwearied steps of their successors proves it again true today.

Life within these walls is worth living; it is full of beauty, interesting beyond the writer to portray, because it is what transcends writing—life, thrilling life, from the cradle to the grave. The pathos, the glory, and the vision of a greater future are all here.

That the devotions to charity may be quickened, that the courage, which for a moment flags, may be lifted into the enthusiasm which endures, is the reason for making permanent articles which first appeared in one of the leading American papers of the city *The Cablenews-American* through the kindly courtesy of the broad-minded catholic-spirited editor, Mr. J. F. Boomer. The actual form given is due to the generosity of the donors to this publication, earnest churchmen, government officials and private citizens, Spaniards, Englishmen, Americans, Filipinos, irrespective of creed, all of charitable hearts.

M. M. N.

Manila, Lent, 1911.



SAN JUAN DE DIOS

SAN JOSE ASYLUM

ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL

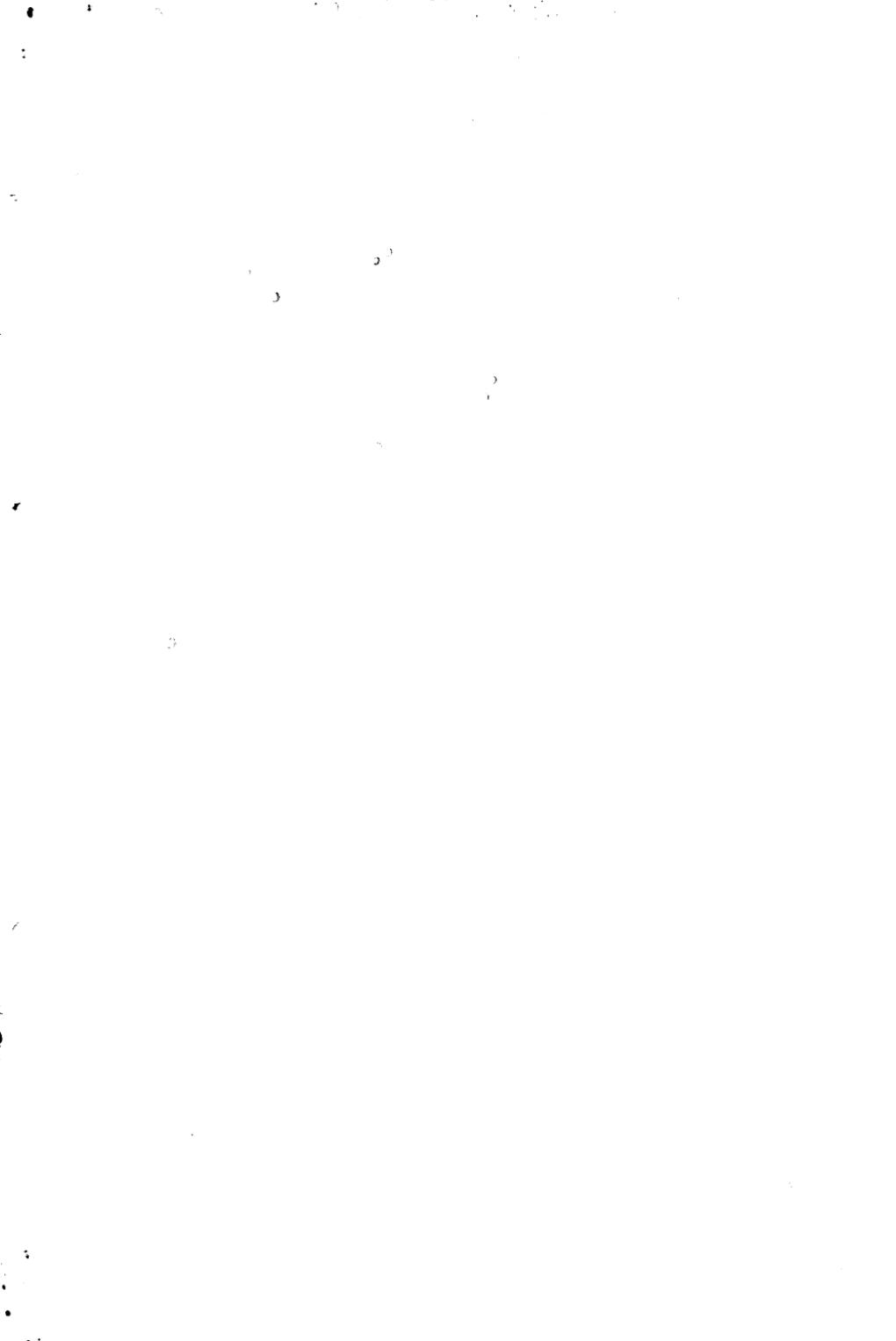
WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

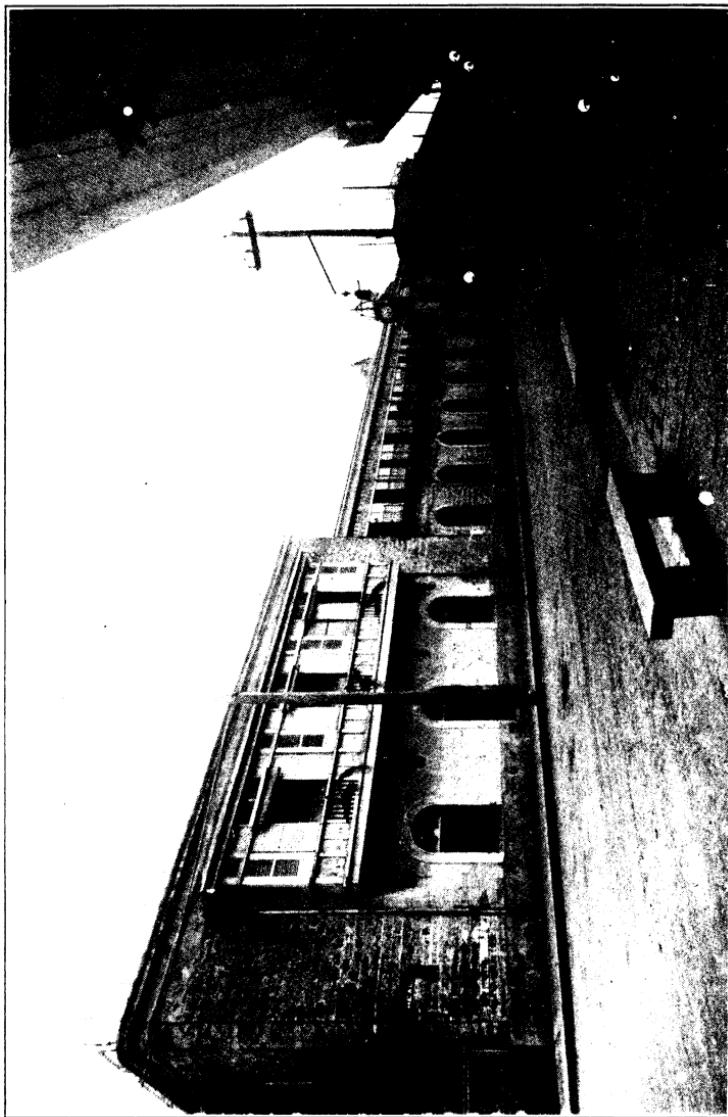
LOOBAN ORPHAN ASYLUM

LOLOMBOY MODEL SETTLEMENT

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE







The ancient hospital of San Juan de Dios

Photo by Squires, Bingham Co.

SAN JUAN DE DIOS





THE charities of a city and its charitable institutions keep pace with its prosperity and reflect every phase of its widening life. Charitable institutions in Manila have shown a creditable and indeed prodigious growth in ten years, considering the distance from the great centres of scientific activity and research.

But however inspiring and helpful modern usages, in clinical and experimental work may be, somehow it takes more than science to endear an institution to the public heart. It takes that most powerful factor in the mastery of human feeling—time.

There is no equestrian statue so beloved as that of Marcus Aurelius "where he sits upon his bronze horse watching the ages go by;" and so ancient colleges, however archaic in their curriculum, and antique codes, however at variance with that young aspirant we call progress, however erring and deficient, are held in greater affection than that which is more modern and perfect.

San Juan de Dios Hospital has just this indefinable, priceless quality. It has been a long time, and in Manila, which to quote a high authority, is a "wonderful place for things to begin in," it has continued and outlived its juvenility many years ago. Its clock tells off the hours to the young medical students, to the sick and pained and broken lives, within and without its walls, with a persistent continuity which betokens that it is here to stay. A useful, needful, existent factor in our city life.

Like most all that is antique, San Juan has the prerogative of having many historians, who have each written, delving in the copious excerpts of his predecessor, today making generous use of the work of yesterday.

The Hospital of San Juan de Dios is noteworthy in that its foundation belongs to the epoch 1656, that is, in or near the hospital-building century, and it is already curious to note that in that far-away time in Manila, that far-away place, they felt impulses which were, even then, beginning to be world-wide.

These hospitals, "Hotel Dieu," God's houses for his guests, are a distinctly Christian institution. They are the offshoots of that much-maligned system, the monastic, and numerous are the instances where these monastic adjuncts were afterwards handed over, in part or all, to the civil authorities.

The first buildings for the civilian poor, a rich legacy, were erected in 1596, and were put in charge of the Brotherhood of the Santa Misericordia, in 1594, but this was not the real San Juan de Dios but only the beginnings of the same. Its real history begins with the transfer to the Brotherhood of San Juan de Dios, who gave it its name. This transfer was made in the year 1656, by royal decree, and from this date it became an official institution, and has the semi-ecclesiastical direction for a period of two hundred and ten years. This lasted until about 1866, when the institution was turned over to the present management of an executive board and the Sisters of St. Vicente de Paul.

Situated in the heart of Intramuros, yet flanked by the near wall and open country beyond, built in the airy architectural style peculiar to this country,

the evils, even in former times of poor ventilation, that menance greater than disease, has been less than in many better equipped hospitals.

San Juan has always been in character more or less of a modern hospital, its spirit so presaging the up-to-date city or state institution, limited, of course, by its capacity, and restricted by its poverty. It has had a record of boundless charity, that is, boundless within its limitations!

San Juan has been once totally destroyed by earthquake, and was rebuilt by the charity of Spanish society women, who, at this, as at other crises in its history, raised large sums to put it on its feet again, notably during the litigation of the country property, from which it derived its chief revenue, its luxuriant haciendas.

The real founder, however, of San Juan must be sought, as is often the case, outside of the apparent workers. This man, who richly deserved to be remembered, was a lay Franciscan brother, Fr. Juan Clemente, whose date is 1577. In the mind of this man of the gentle Order of St. Francis, as was natural, was born a love of the sick. He began well below the foundations and had the present site, then a marsh, filled in. It has never had to be done over! On this made land he built a nipa house of two rooms of goodly size, "50 brazas" with all the medical *comodidades* of that age over which a modern medico would doubtless smile.

In 1593 Fr. Juan Fernandez, also of the Franciscan Order, built a new room in addition to these, for those days, magnificent dormitories, and this father had courage to do more, i. e. beg as charity the food and service of the hospital. This then is the real beginning

out of which the Brotherhood of Misericordia really undertook the hospital, a beginning before a beginning, which history always gives us! In 1583 and 1603, the institution was destroyed by fire. After these dates the brotherhood constructed new buildings.

It is interesting to note that the same brotherhood founded at the same time the college of Sta. Isabel for the orphans of Spanish and mestizo military officers and it naturally grew out of their hospital work, as one ward was reserved for Spanish widows and their children. In November, 1655, the first of the destructive earthquakes visited the institution and this time almost totally destroyed the new buildings.

Now again we are brought up to the date 1656 when the hospital was placed in the hands of the Brotherhood of San Juan de Dios. In its history there have been three heads, its modern history, the Regente de la Audiencia, next the Superior of the Franciscans and today the president of the board of directors, His Grace the Archbishop of Manila.

So retrace our steps for a moment—we will find that not only has this institution been doing charitable work, but it has been, at the most critical moments in its history rescued by charity! After its destruction by the second earthquake, in 1863, the governor-general and vice-real patron, ordered a bazar from which was realized the goodly sum of \$29,652, and thus the new actual buildings were erected. A half century will soon elapse since their erection!

In 1873 the work was again suspended for want of funds and in 1875, in the month of April, the wife of the Marquess General Malcampo, by means of another bazar, raised funds for the termination of the work, \$30,302 gold.

San Juan is in constant renovation, like a Gothic cathedral, it is never finished. Three rooms have been added this year for better distribution of the sick. The quadrangle is, with its cloister, the peaceful enclosure, where some twenty-nine sisters walk when a moment's breathing space is given them. Their duties include the care of the sick, supervision of the *cuisine*, and of all the material part, such as the linen and the personnel of the hospital, as good housewives. The dispensary is in the charge of five sisters supervised by a pharmacist. Señor Joaquin Garrido, who is at the head of the hospital affairs, has the double advantage of being a man of talent and of that suavity which keeps trying and difficult adjustments of such a work, both of routine and of initiative, well in order.

The number of the sick varies but little from 150 to 200 per day. Fifty are paid for by the city and 100 are free, while the small figures of the private patients make the charity of the institutions more luminous, for "figures don't lie." On this day of grace 1911 there are 171 on the sick list, of which 109 are free, 50 at the expense of the city, 12 paid for. Out of these, 22 are incurables which are received in no other hospital in Manila!

There are about 250 beds in all, 21 private rooms, and a general ward with one room for observation and decision and one children's room. The *cuisine* of San Juan is famous and more than one foreigner in this not too over fed city has sighed to be an inmate if only to get a "square meal" once more! One item is the 960 cans of milk and 250 quarts of fresh milk used in one month.

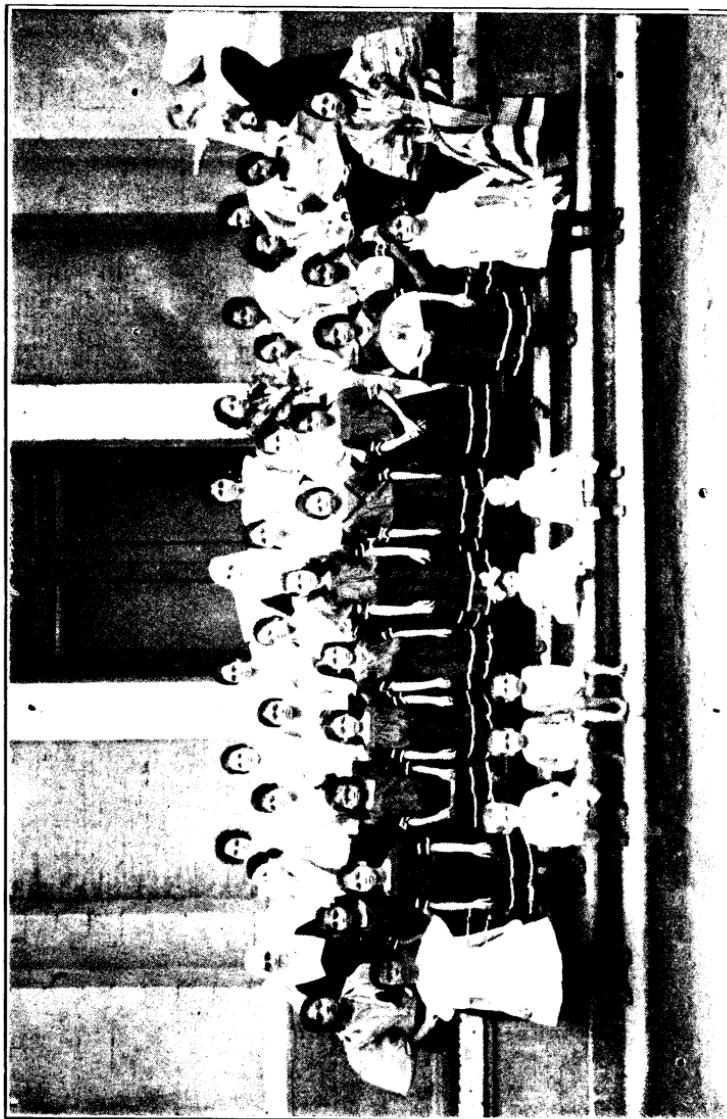
On the medical staff we have as physician that Nestor in science Dr. Valdes, if we speak of one who

has been for a long time *au courrant* with all modern methods; Drs. Castro, Miciano, Burke, Anguita, Ocampo, Rosario, Del Val, Singian, Fernandez, Alberto and supernumeraries among whom are Drs. Calderon and Quintos.

The directors, who are the acting board of managers, are President, Archbishop Harty; Members: Señors Deza, Vicar of the Franciscans; Sr. Ortiz, Sr. Barrera, Sr. Iuchausti, Sr. Valdes. The chaplains resident are P. Ignacio Tambugui and P. Rosauro Trinidad. The superiora is Soeur Martina Garcia.

The institution has large projects for the future which will draw on the charity of the public and amply repay it.

I have never had the pleasure of being a patient in San Juan Hospital, but if all the sisters are like the one who met me at the door, with her face illumined with "other worldliness," and whose kindness seemed to have the flavor of far days agone and to promise all that is best for the future, then it might be that the passing out into the broader life beyond would be, in such surroundings, after all but little of transition, and it is the spirit of people, as well as of institutions, which in time cannot be disguised, which outlives opposition and outlives storms and earthquakes, physical and moral, which makes them dear and unforgotten.



Sisters and children of San Jose Asylum the foremost Manila institution for the poor

SAN JOSE ASYLUM





AN Juan de Dios, within the ancient walls, the Faubourg St. Germain of Manila, is chronologically prior to the institution which, in an outside world standing on an island made by the two rapidly flowing branches of the Pasig, embraces a larger destiny and a wider outlook.

In 1782 was founded by Francisco Gomez Henriquez, the Hospicio of San José.

Among the original documents kept in the archives of the Hospicio is found the actual will of this man written in round flowing hand. It states that, in consideration of having been cured of a fever, he offered as a thank offering which had been promised to God the funds for an institution, to be called the "Hospicio General." "Si Su Divina Magestad me socura con salud de aquel peligro," and this institution was, as stated by same document, to be built outside the walls, "Extra-muros."

This curious record goes on to state in the beautiful chirography that in "harmony" with his wife, and with consent of the Governor they donated twenty-four thousand pesos fuertes for this purpose, in good Mexican dollars.

This was then the joint gift of a man and his wife in gratitude to God.

After the permission was granted by the civil authorities for establishing the institution, an appeal was also made to the public to contribute to the same end.

Then a distinguished magistrate, Don Manuel del Castillo Negrete, drew up the statutes and by-laws in legal form, the printing of which is noted in an item of five hundred pesos. This book was to have been used to enlighten the public as to the aims of the institution, but alas, documents, like "books, have their destiny," and the donor goes on to say that they were absolutely useless!

The money, twenty-four thousand pesos, with true Spanish forethought was invested in commercial ventures, of which we have a quaint description in the worm-eaten pages, even to the actual figures of the different investments, until the sum reached a good thirty thousand pesos. This book carries the story of the institution up to the year 1810. Many hands completed the work after the original one was still.

So came into being this noble institution which has been since its foundation a home for the aged and the orphan, an asylum for the insane, and a reform school for young boys: in one word, an educational, as well as protective institution.

It has moved several times; from the Cuartel of Meisic to Calle General Solano, and now into the commodious quarters, still too small, of the present building, for over eight hundred people are housed under this roof, fed and cared for.

The distinguished director, the illustrious Don José Itrastorza, is thoroughly equipped from his past experience for the position he has come to fill. He has served his own country, Spain, in many prominent positions, having been governor of two provinces; superior of civil administration, a still higher function; has had a seat in the Cortez and been mayor of Manila. All this is attested in the fine script of the Reina

Regente. To deal with the problem, both physical and moral he daily meets with, this is none too much preparation, and his charming and gifted wife aids him not a little.

This institution has really three heads, namely, the Archbishop of Manila, with a committee of gentlemen under him, some of them of the government and some private individuals; the director and the sisters of charity, under the superior, Señora María Maeztu. The education of the children is that which is usually given in convents comprising music, embroidery, in which these pupils excel, instruction in Spanish and English, common branches. English is taught to the fourth grade, and is in charge of Miss Dolores Rúbio.

The simple curriculum comprises a program which extends from five in the morning till eight-thirty at night. The young ladies over seventeen years are considered as graduates, and spend their entire working hours in sewing and embroidery.

The girls rise at five o'clock, dress, attend mass, breakfast at seven. From seven to eight, bath and attention to personal matters. At eight, classes until nine-thirty in literature and *belles lettres*. From that time till eleven, sewing and embroidery. Then dinner, recreation, and from one-thirty to five-thirty, with an intermission of lunch, studies and sewing. Then prayers, English from six to seven, recreation, supper, prayers and bed. And even Sister Felicia, who is in charge of this department, and is one of the most untiring of her sex, confesses that she thinks Satan could find very little time to monopolize her pupils in.

Particular attention is paid to religious instruction and deportment, and the results are certainly admirable. In charge of the women prisoners is Señora

Calderon, widow of the distinguished lawyer. These she teaches in the rudiments of English and hygiene.

The orphan children leave this institution when they can be placed either in suitable families, in suitable positions, or married. There is no provision for their marriage portion as in Sta. Isabela. As the director laughingly said: "They are only given good advice, as money can be had anywhere."

Attention is paid to the health of all the inmates. The resident physician, Señor Cuervo, is not only a man distinguished in his profession, but of marked literary talent. It is claimed that there is not a case of eye trouble in the whole institution. This item alone will tell of the care taken in matters of hygiene.

It is the intention of the present administration to bring the educational system to a far greater perfection and development, but there are difficulties in abrupt changes as is well known, which make it highly advisable to go slowly.

The boys' reform school has instruction in some of the trades, such as carpentering, tinsmith, rope-making, and instruction in agriculture and gardening to some extent. All of these are to be further developed in the new home in Lolomboy, which is to be inaugurated next month, and where most of the boys will be transferred.

The expenses of the Hospicio amount to one hundred thousand pesos per year. These expenses are borne, partly by the funds of the institution from the original endowment, also from individuals, some of whom are inmates, *pensionados*, private charity, municipal government and last, but not least, the general Philippine Government.

The Philippine Government donates about three thousand five-hundred pesos per month and the municipal, approximately, two thousand.

Some institutions are like people, you must know them personally to form any correct estimate or opinion of them. Of such is the Hospicio of San José.

As you enter the grounds, you first find the conventional Spanish garden, with its clean swept gravel, dotted with benches, shaded by low trees, and a wide hospitable door conducts you into a large patio, where stands the handsome chapel in adapted Roman style, with its lofty dome and mural paintings. From each side along a cloister, open the various sections or departments. In all, is spotless order and correct cleanliness. A peaceful silence, interrupted by bird notes or a low voice reigns. The deportment of the institution through all its personnel, even to those unfortunate ones in whom early training is completely lacking, shows the effect of the beautiful spirit which has permeated the place, and in spite of human defect, dominates it.

At the left, opening out from the patio and its cool and silent cloister, are the rooms where clean and well behaved children are conning their books, under the guidance of Sister Felicia Perez. The young ladies have not only done exemplary work in the three R's, but their handiwork is nothing less than exquisite.

The copy books show neatness and ability. This department has been awarded gold and silver and bronze medals in Philadelphia and St. Louis. Many orders are taken and filled for trousseaux, for table linen, and the work on piña is as fine as Titania's web.

In the sewing room under the window are large drawers, numbered, for the personal belongings of

each child. Every child in the institution has her own towel and comb, numbered also. To this, the doctor in charge accredits very much of the freedom from eye disease, before mentioned. In passing out from these rooms, one sees one of the huge general bath-rooms, with its many douches, and a tank for distilled water, this latter the gift of the government, most highly appreciated perhaps of all its gifts.

The real drama of the Hospicio begins in a room some six by eight feet, which as you enter, you see contains an immaculate white bed, and on the wall at one side, a white curtain. When this curtain is drawn aside, it reveals something which you have read of in history and in literature, but never expected to see; a turning wheel, on whose daintily wadded cushion are laid abandoned children. The nun who sleeps in this room arises at any hour of the night when the bell is rung and takes in the baby. It was used only the night before I called, and there in the crib in the nursery was the mite of humanity, born at one p. m., and at eight p. m., passed through the deepest tragedy of all our lives, the cruel neglect which every sacred obligation cries out against. There are some places where one wants to tread softly, and one will never forget the sensations of that room. Words only mar the picture.

"Sister Helen," for so she wishes to be called, would make one almost forget her own mother if such a thing could be. She took great pride in showing the baby's fine baptismal clothes, the gift of the wife of the household physician, Dr. Cuervo. "Sister Helen never wants the children, no matter how naughty, to be punished" said the director, and she, with her face afame with that deepest and noblest of feminine

instincts, protection of the weak, said "No, it is a shame. They without any father or mother!"

In a room adjoining the nursery, I saw sitting on the floor, peacefully chattering and occupied with mending, three women wearing the ominous stripes of Bilibid Prison, where they had given birth to the children now lying in smiling content on the floor. The administration desires that the government should send more of these women, both for their own sake, and for the other children's who are in need of nurses.

Passing into the refectory are found the long tables where one hundred and seventy children are fed. All articles of table use are kept in cupboards away from the dust, and judging by the kitchen, that fascinating adjunct which next invited inspection, the food must be very palatable. Huge caldrons of soup and rice and meat and other savory things, were being prepared, and as it was approaching the noon hour, the odors were particularly appetizing. The superintendent of this department had the brightest eyes of all the sisters, and the most merry face, as a cook should, or any presiding genius of the culinary regions. Sister Tio took great pride in telling of the three regular meals a day, and two lunches; of the one thousand pesos of meat, three hundred pesos of bread, six hundred pesos of rice, four hundred pesos of fish, three hundred pesos of pork, consumed every month. It sounds like *Mardi gras*, but don't forget that there are eight hundred people to feed! The food for the Europeans and the natives is naturally different, but it is acknowledged by all that it is excellent. Special dishes were being prepared for the sick.

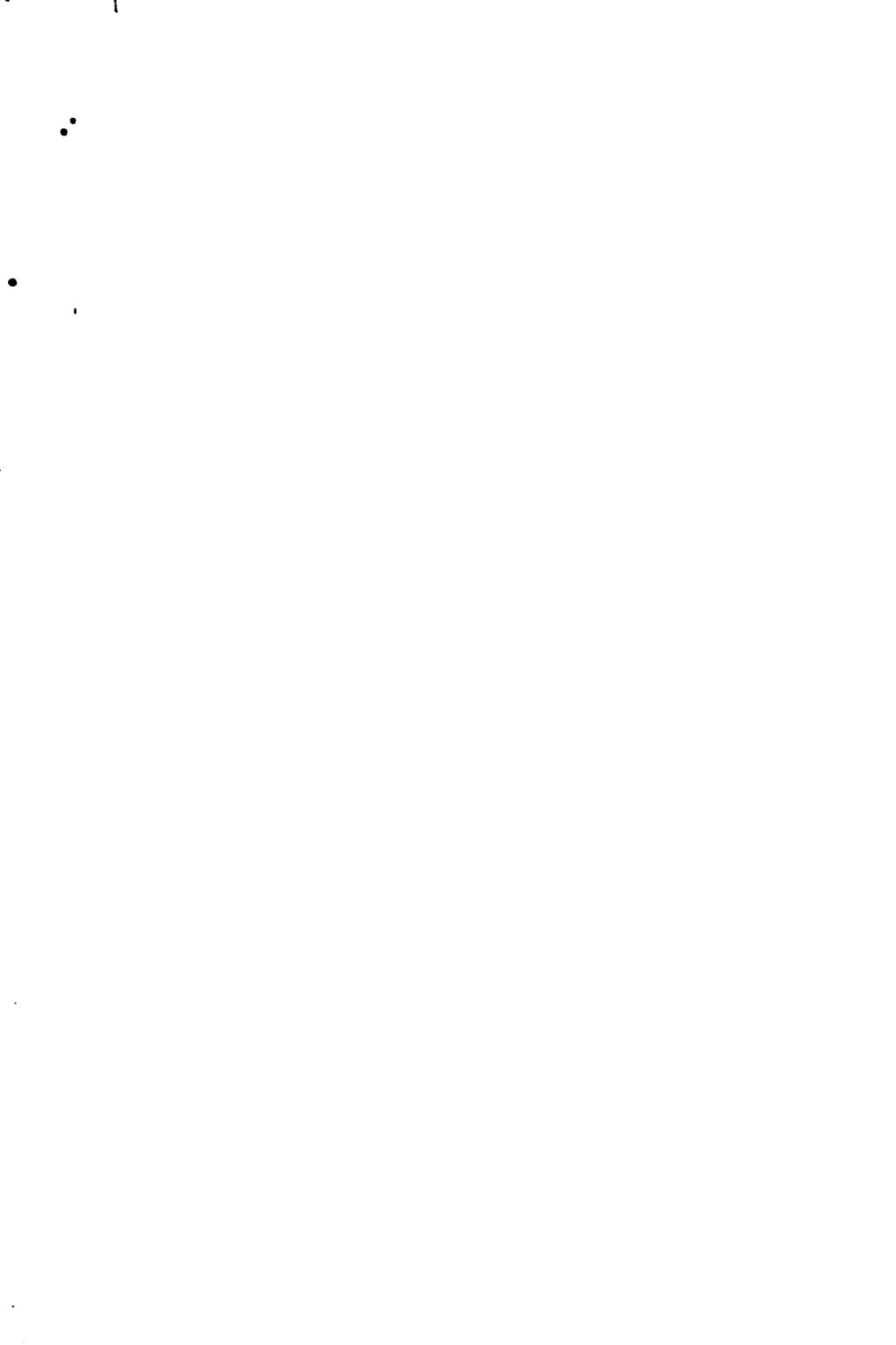
Next offers itself for inspection the realm of the mentally ill, but it offers little that is revolting, and

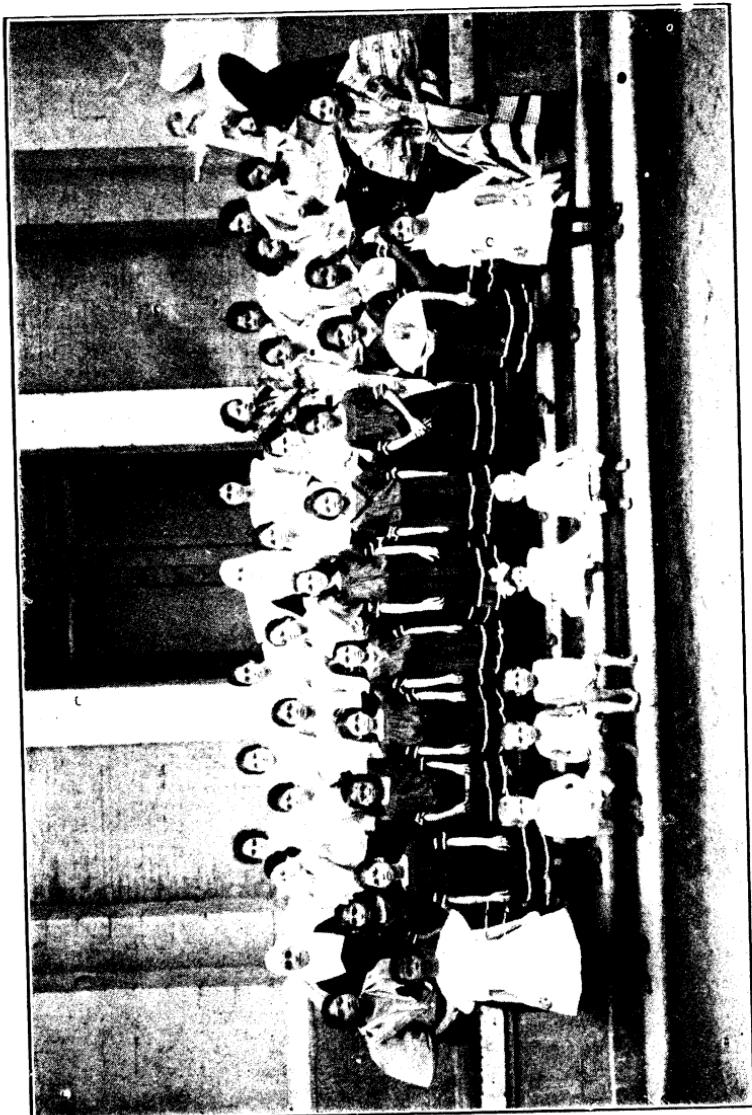
perfect order seems to reign there, as elsewhere, and where there is order there is always a degree of sanity. The grouping of large numbers of the mentally unbalanced together has its disadvantages, but still possible, some points of value. Many of the inmates one finds brooding over the past, dreaming their waking dreams, some softly crying and some peacefully engaged in simple occupations, but not on a single face is wild grief or wild despair. A cigarette brought a smile, and even a patient in solitary confinement, whom I noted, was quite cheered as the nuns and the Director talked with her. The sister in charge was small and delicate in build, and it must be a most strengthening faith which can keep her to her task amid these beings in all of whom are "sweet bells out of tune." The causes of insanity are here, as elsewhere, loss of fortune, hunger, heredity, sudden grief, or abandonment. It is an old tune with no new notes in it! A great lack in this department seems to be recreation, and it might be suggested that monthly entertainments in which those from outside should contribute their talents, ought to be offered to these who have so little diversion. A ward in the hospital is being completed in which some ten new rooms, simple, but admirably appointed, will admit of the sequestering of certain patients who are in better mental condition than others. Certain humorous incidents among these mental vagaries was noted, one man fancying himself King Charles V of Spain! Who can trace the mysterious and as yet, unknown realm of mental wanderings, which would lead an ignorant being, such as he, to choose that form of monarchical delusion? For all of these patients the government insists upon the use of native rice, which has been found most beneficial.

The old people are in particularly restful quarters in cheery rooms on the second floor. They are all seemingly very gentle, as all the aged should be and among them was a real gentlewoman, a poetess, who, I believe, writes the verses for the festivals of the institution; in other words, is the poet laureate. She is a delicate and sensitive being whose society would be enjoyed by many of a larger world, as well as her talent. More books and papers might be given here to those who are able to read and enjoy pictures. One colored man, an American negro, has spent the last five years in this beautiful refuge, which includes even strangers from a strange land. His case is most pathetic, as he sits paralyzed in his chair, uncomplainingly, however, the recipient of the delicate and truly christian charity of these Spanish nuns.

Passing into the reform school, under the charge of Señor Enrique Lopez, the boys are seen at work making ropes, the articles, chairs and beds of bamboo. Rising at five in the morning, they do gardening until seven, then breakfast, then other work until eleven-thirty; lunch, recreation until one, until five work with one hour's play, supper, prayers, and eight o'clock, bed. In this department, more teachers are needed, and more teaching: instruction in the useful trades, but this want is to be met later in the new home which is being provided by the untiring thought of the man who has planned and carried to admirable execution so many benevolent institutions in these islands, the Archbishop of Manila. Many of these boys reform and go out into the world to be good men after two, five, or eight years.

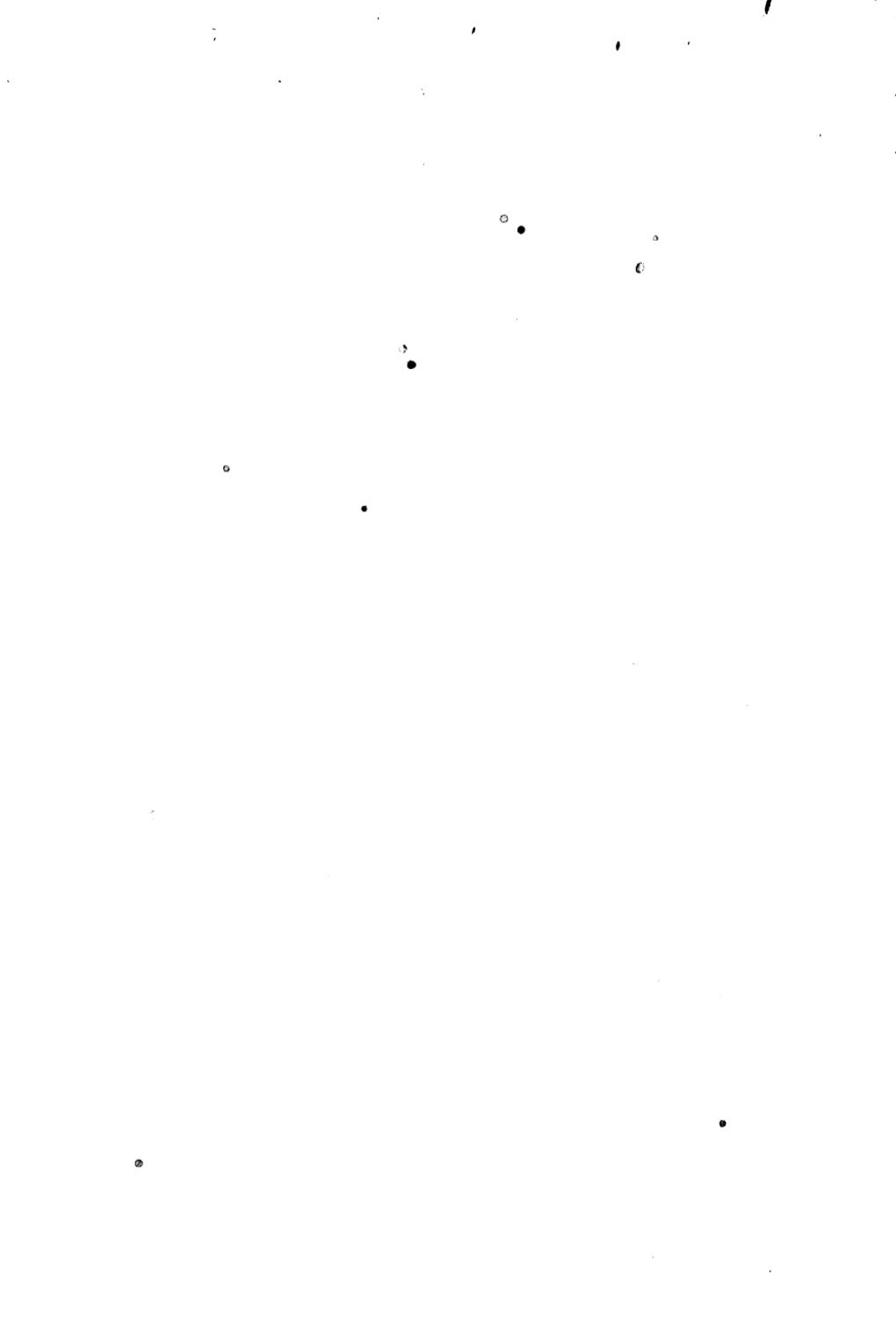
The Hospicio of San José emphasizes again the fact that a noble purpose, order, patience, enlightened by a spirit of charity, even in a limited environment, can accomplish wonders..





Sisters and children of San José Asylum the foremost Manila institution for the . 00.

ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL





THE evolution of the modern hospital is one of the brightest pages in the progress of civilization. That the City of Manila has several hospitals which can be dignified with the name of up-to-date institutions is one of the proudest facts of its growth in the last ten years. The parent house, unquestionably, of these institutions, is St. Paul's. It is a long way, however, from this date back to the year 1700 when Monsieur Chauvet, curé of Leveville-la-Chenard, with some religious women, founded the Order of St. Paul of Chartres.

There, under those graceful towers, was cultivated that French catholic christianity, than which both as to spirit and conduct, nothing is more perfect in religious expression on earth.

There orphans and needy ones, were taken care of and in 1727 the Order had already come to the notice of M. le Comte de Maurepas, secretary of state, and they were requested to form a military hospital at Cayenne. In 1723 the bishop of St. Pons and Cardinal Rohan had asked for a settlement in their own diocese. In 1793 they suffered, as all enduring things do, persecution and expulsion, and in 1802 their Order was re-formed into a community and re-assembled in the ancient Convent of the Jacobins.

Bonaparte, with his far-seeing genius, convened a religious council of women which was under the presidency of his mother assisted by Cardinal Fesch. This Order then received a medal and honorable mention for their services in Cayenne during the Revolution.

Fifty-nine missions have grown of this beginning in and about Chartres alone, and seventy-three in Paris.

Little did these founders dream that from these stately settings of the old world of Europe their charity would extend to the far isles of the sea: To Japan, to Korea, to China, to Guadalupe, to Martinique, and to the Philippines.

Six years in March saw the foundation of St. Paul's, which was built to supplement the work of the Civil Hospital and the First Reserve, which are used exclusively for military and civil employees. San Juan de Dios was overcrowded. San Lazaro was not the model institution for infectious diseases that it is today, and the wide charity of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society had not been thought of. The money to found this institution was borrowed from the bank and from the Monte de Piedad, so pressing was the need which was felt for a suitable asylum for the sick, Americans and Europeans, who were constantly stricken with climatic diseases. The Archbishop of Manila granted the use of the beautiful building which is still occupied by the hospital; its central location and its substantial architecture, its cloisters and courts, wide airy halls, and high ceiled rooms admirably adapted to the destiny which awaited it.

There are eighteen private rooms in the hospital, three wards for white people, six wards for Filipinos, and the patients average from 130 to 150 per day. Twenty-five or thirty of these pay in full. The City of Manila has fifty beds, and the Philippine Medical School fifty, and from these sources is derived the revenue of the institution.

The purchase of its equipment, was made largely in the United States, and is quite up-to-date, containing, among other things, X-ray apparatus, high pressure steam sterilizers, water sterilizers, all the paraphernalia of a surgical room, and complete set of surgical instruments.

There is no accident ward, but about six hundred emergency cases have been treated in the last year. The Dispensary gives the following figures for one month, November, 1910:

Visits, 2185; males, 1242; females, 770; children, 173; medical cases, 424; surgical cases, 665; children's cases, 168; skin cases, 52; tuberculosis clinic, 515; eye, ear and nose, 271; prescriptions filled 3487.

To this dispensary are given the services of twelve doctors, and of many nurses. The dispensary is in charge of Señor Francesca, who acts as clerk.

The rooms set apart for the clinics are: One for baby's clinic, eye and ear clinic, one for medical, one for surgical. The general pharmacy is in charge of Señor Roco, and the hospital prescriptions alone are about two thousand.

The office is in charge of the head clerk, Señor Rainarez and Señor Fuentes, assistant.

The house physician is Dr. Lunn, a graduate of the University of Illinois, who has been two years in the institution.

Dr. Lunn's former hospital practice was in one of the first hospitals of Chicago on the north side, the "Agustana Hospital," so he comes to this work with a thoroughly modern training.

The division of labor in the hospital is of course, admirable, as it is in the charge of the French nuns. The Mother Superior has been in hospitals all her

working lifetime and has had seventeen years of experience in the Orient. Six years ago, when the Sisters landed, they were taken as guests to the Assumption Convent, and after a few days rest they came to their new home, where they now number twenty-one. Six of the Sisters have gone to the Leper Colony in Culion, and educational schools have been founded by the same Order in Vigah, Dumaguete, Tayabas, Tuguegarao, and in euphonious Eutobia. Three of the sisters of St. Paul's are in charge of the operating room, two in the linen room, one in the kitchen, who appropriately bears the name of Sister Placide, one is general housekeeper, and one porteress, and others are in charge of the nurses and of the practical nursing work. It is a work of love, and every patient feels it. "It is hard" says the Mother Superior "to get the nuns to take the outside recreation and needed fresh air." Their hours are from seven a. m. to tiffin, and from three to nine p. m. Those are their working hours. This does not count those spent in devotional exercises, and the care of their own private affairs. The sisters are from Germany and from France, and, of course, there is one from Ireland, and fortunately, death has not claimed any of them yet in Manila.

"Hard work makes health and happiness" is quoted from one of their serene numbers. As long as their health remains good, these sisters are kept in Manila, or in the provinces. When ill they are allowed to leave for France and return to the Mother House, or they have the privilege of visiting their own families.

This year has been the richest in the number of patients of any since the founding of the institution. The diseases cover every class, except contagious ones. Beri-beri, all kinds of tropical fevers, a host of surgical

cases, which give a record of some remarkable operations by one of Manila's most distinguished surgeons, Dr. McDill. The expenses of the institution amount to ₱8000 or ₱9000 per month, and these must be met!

The training school has twenty-three pupils, and last year in June six were graduated. The course covers three years, and the graduates can go out, as from other training schools, to private work. Next March five more will receive their diplomas. Teodoro Yangco pays for ten of these young ladies, a tuition amounting to ₱250 every month, and the rest are supported by the hospital. They show excellent adaptability to their work. Says one physician: "You can not speak too highly of the work of the Filipino nurses. They do their work neatly, punctually and thoroughly, and carry out the orders of the physicians to the letter. Their conduct, as well as their work, is admirable."

The instruction in the training school is given by the prominent physicians in the city, assisted by Miss McKeever, whose admirable record as head nurse of the Civil Hospital has given her a distinct and enviable fame in Manila. The subjects treated are anatomy and physiology, *materia medica*, lectures on antiseptics and surgery, general care of the sick and the causes of diseases and child feeding.

The discipline of the school, to quote from the prospectus, is "strict," and the admirable daily illustration of the advantages the students have received from course in St. Paul's, can be had by any patient in this this institution.

Beginning one's visit on the second floor, through the Filipino wards, you pass through a series of rooms containing some half dozen beds each, where, flooded

with sunshine, the patients are found in the different degrees of convalescence or illness. These patients pay P2.00 per day for their beds and care. In the dormitory of the poor children was found some of the most attractive, as was to be expected, sick ones. Some of these diminutive beings are brought in half starved, their little bodies so emaciated as to make the matter of handling them quite a serious one. The average number of children is about eighteen. They are kept from one week to a year. One little one, whose mother had died in the institution, shows a very independent character, and from the advantage of fifteen months, quite rules her nurse. The plaintive cries of these wee dots of humanity, and the patience with which they are petted and cajoled into taking their food and medicine as they lie in their tiny cribs, is a picture long to be remembered. One little one was brought in hale and hearty, to exhibit what good care can do.

Descending to the first floor, the first visit was made to the medical ward of the men, where, in the vast rooms, the cloisters surrounding the courts full of beautiful plants and wholesome fresh air, is extended the boundless hospitality of St. Paul's to the poor who have not the money to pay for their care. The men often come in wounded from a fight, not the figurative fight of life, but the real one. Here we see all ages, all diseases, all shades of humanity, some from Japan, some from Bombay. At the end of the hall, is a fine modern laboratory, and here are performed the less serious operations; those that are more serious and more delicate, such as gastro-enterostomy, craniotomies for brain tumor, liver abscess operations, and others are taken upstairs to the main operating room

In the women's ward six very peaceful inmates were lying in their clean white beds, smiling in sunny content.

In the surgical ward were twelve beds, mostly occupied, some just emerging from the shadow-land of an operation, others combating that terrible foe of humanity, physical pain, and still others peacefully resting. In one corner Doña Paula has her bed. She is an institution within the institution, as she has been in the hospital since its foundation. She was entertaining her friends in very quiet conversation, and doubtless plays the hostess very acceptably.

This downstairs laboratory is a five-sided room, has an enormously high ceiling which is characteristic of the hospital, and its windows, like a cathedral, look skyward into Calle Palacio and Calle Beaterio. Here is seen all the best modern apparatus. Passing through the surgical wards, three large rooms, continuing this series around the courts, were found in the same spotless order and cleanliness.

The morgue is built in the solid masonry of the crypt, and here, the patient, when death has laid his sovereign finger upon him is taken to await interment, or autopsy. Out of the morgue you pass to the muchachos' dormitory, which is not to be despised. It is in a niche high up, where the black heads can repose in peace after a well-merited work day—these boys of St. Paul's are an honor to their race.

The kitchen, whose real chef is a sweet-faced nun, is built in the same high-vaulted foundation. Here are prepared the three principal meals of the immense household, while upstairs in a buffet are concocted the lunches which extend throughout the twenty-four hours. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," but in spite

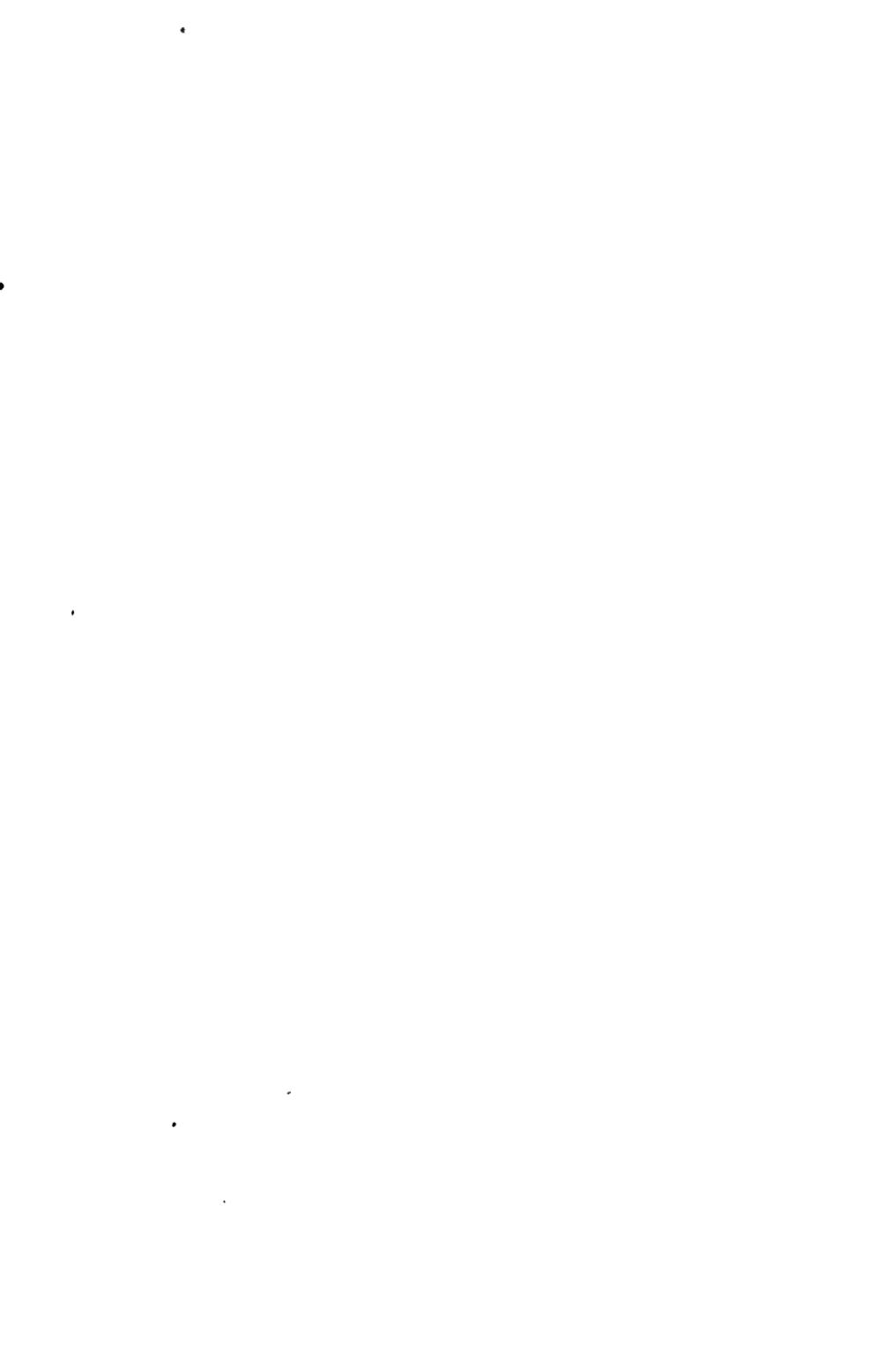
of this and to prove the contrary—for the broth of St. Paul's is excellent—there are six cooks here. The chef is Chinese, and his first assistant is Chinese also. For the Filipinos, there is a special cook who is in charge of their simple cuisine. A gigantic icebox, which might keep at a north-pole temperature a quarter of beef, fills one side. The store-room looked highly inviting, as a vast variety of delicacies stood upon the shelves; these delicacies must be kept for the capricious palates of the sick. Almost every sort of preserves are here, so every sweet tooth can find satisfaction, and even a gourmet can get his paté, his fish preserved in every form of oil and grease, those morsels which delight his soul, and content his stomach. As to drinks, there are soda, lemonade, Isuan, and for the luxurious desires of the rich, champagne.

That French sisters know what is good, even good to eat, goes without saying! A good pastry cook makes all the cakes and dainties, and even ice cream comes out of this marvelous laboratory, "and" added the sister most impressively for my benefit "also plum pudding." Dumb waiters carry the viands upstairs from these fascinating regions, and, daintily spread on trays, they are sent to the rooms where they give fresh zest to the flagging tropical appetite. That it takes taste and science to furnish this result, goes without saying.

Dr. Dudley by his unusual scientific work and unfailing courtesy and faithfulness has in a peculiar degree contributed to the success of the institution. Among the Filipino doctors, special mention should be made of two of the foremost citizens of the city, known for their benevolence and untiring service in all good causes, Drs. Bautista and Roxas.

Outside of this sick world lies the convent proper, the home of the sisters themselves. There quiet corridors stretch away into the still more quiet rooms where is generated the power that enables these nuns to carry on this tiring work so tirelessly. The peace that passes understanding has to flow in before it can flow out, and there is need, ah! cruel need, of peace in this world of storm and stress, of cruel neglect and aggressive attack. If you want the secret of St. Paul's, you must seek it here in these rooms of serene content, content which only those whose all is given, first to God and then to humanity, can dream of and live. The soul of this institution, the mind which combines the finest qualities of our race, all know, but to name her would offend her and more to praise her but there are some who have written their personality so deeply in the lives of those about them that not to know them seems illogical. She possesses those qualities which command love, respect and, still more, memory! Once a year, at the end of the Novena of the Immaculate Conception, there is given a feast by the Society of St. Mary's to the poor sick ones who are inmates of the institution. It took place last Sunday, and consisted of a breakfast, eaten after the beautiful service over which the Archbishop presides, the celebration of the mass, partaken of, literally by the lame, the halt and the blind. With faces illumined, these unfortunate beings who have been stricken by the adversary, Pain, forgot, for a moment, their bodies in the spiritual and material food which was provided for them. It was a beautiful sight, and summed up in epitome what an ideal hospital should do for the race, give it not only rest but inspiration, and that St. Paul's has accomplished this dual result, no one who has been under its roof, can deny.







A group of Filipino women, and their leaders, studying for University Degrees

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE





N the edge of Binondo, where the sounds of labor and shipping, the mighty throb of commerce, are heard in ceaseless music, night and day, very near the vast region of Tondo, where the problems of our city and its masses are calling so loudly for solution, is a girls' school, in an ancient stone and wooden structure, which has, apparently, never possessed any architectural beauty and has partly fallen into need of repair. In surroundings barren to austerity, with poor ventilation, exposed to the intensified heat of a crowded district, for ten years the Instituto de Mujeres has stood in Calle Madrid with its monotonous rows of houses, flanked by streets of bodegas, machine shops and cigar factories, about the last spot one would seek to find an institution aiming at the highest culture and mastery of the humanities.

Manila is full of surprises, not the least of them the strides that education has made since the year 1900. To find that in out of the way corners of our city are those who are working along larger ideals of the West in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, dreaming great dreams, and seeing visions partly realized, is as enlarging to the thought as it is inspiring to the spirit.

Filipino nationalism is growing, like the youthful Hercules, into a lusty youngster who often threatens a premature and exaggerated action. If this child of the future is to become a man, with all the courage, poise and wisdom of true manhood, it will be largely due to the teachers of Filipino youth.

Hardly were the guns of the Spanish silenced when there sprang up on Filipino soil the educational

ideas which had been fomenting here for many years before. Ideals which had drifted in, seeds borne on the four winds of heaven, notably from our own America, where the work of Catherine Beecher, Mary Lyon, Emma Willard and Mary Mortimer had begun, the upbuilding of modern womanhood. Upbuilding which had reached India through Pundita Ramabai, Japan, through Madame Shimoda and Miss Tsuda. In Calle Iris in the Centro Escolar and in Calle Madrid, with the Instituto de Mujeres, are being solved the problems of woman's higher education in the Philippines. Those who were present at the last graduating exercises of the former school in the Zorrilla Theatre were doubtless astonished at the proportions which this educational work had already assumed, given the fact that in both institutions the faculty is entirely composed of Filipinos.

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." King Solomon had possibly just finished reading the prospectus of a Girls' Boarding School in Jerusalem when he penned those lines of immortal discontent, but if one opens that of the Instituto de Mujeres, one will find that its excellent plan of mental development is set forth in few words, and its aims most succinctly elaborated.

"The aim of this institution shall be to bring its stone to the grand edifice, i. e., the moral and material advancement of the nation, and inasmuch as experience has demonstrated that the aggrandizement and well being, the development and progress of a people, depends more or less upon the lesser or greater degree of education of woman; inasmuch as she is the first educator of humanity, so her position determines the grade of that nation's

- advancement in the social scale. We wish then to prepare woman by an education and instruction which shall enable her to fulfill her obligations in private life, and in society; this shall be the end of the work of the Instituto de Mujeres. Our plan of education shall be inspired from the modern programs of teaching in Europe and America, combining in such a way, the subjects chosen that the graduates may reach a degree of scientific and artistic culture as well as utilitarian instruction, without losing the refinement and delicacy which characterizes woman and without forgetting her sacred and gentle mission of contributing to the happiness of those about her."

The founder and President of the school is Don Manuel Roxas, a padre in whose brain these liberal ideas first took form, and in whose purse was first found the means to support the humble beginnings of what has grown to so great a work. The actual principal of the school is Susana Revilla, who, about a year ago, changed places with the former principal who is now secretary. Señora Rosa Sevilla, former principal and present secretary, was educated in the Assumption Convent in the Normal department, as it was called under the Spanish regime. She served nine years, but that impediment to an artistic and scholastic career, marriage, reduced her to the humbler role of secretary. The principal, Susana Revilla, began her education in a private school in Calle Quiotan. From there she went to Concordia for a year, and finished her work in the Municipal School for Children, under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. Her degree of superior education was received from the Ascencionistas, that

year being the first that degrees were given. One hundred and forty students matriculated, but only 13, this time a lucky number, came out whole in the examinations. Señora Revilla had the honor of being the Spanish teacher of Mrs. Taft for two years, and went every day of the week until the last day that the presiding lady of the White House remained in the Islands, to the Malacañan, to instruct her.

Señora Revilla reminds one, though much younger, of Madame Shimoda, and of other leaders of women. Her most striking characteristic is absolute simplicity of manner, without the slightest affectation or hint of learning. She is simply a charming woman, earnest, truthful, and means straight, clean work from start to finish. There is a committee which is back of the financial part of this school, we might call it a Chancellor, Director, Secretary and Inspector. The school is entirely supported by the tuition of the pupils. P20.00 per month for house pupils, P10.00 for half-day pupils, and P2.00 for day pupils. The house pupils have five meals per day, the half-day pupils three; certainly a large physical allowance as well as intellectual, and calculated to inspire one with a desire to begin study over again in Calle Madrid. There are 55 boarding pupils, 20 half-day pupils and 152 day pupils. The first are from the provinces, the others are from the districts of the city, the greater part being from Binondo and Tondo.

The educational plan follows that laid out by the government, with a few extra studies on which stress is placed, such as Spanish, Tagalog, painting, embroidery, instrumental and vocal music.

There is a kindergarten for the babies, and from that age, the diminutive señoritas commence to learn

that the way to the stars—*Sic Iter ad Astra*,—we have all heard so much about, is beset with many a thorn. The head of the kindergarten, is Miss Leonora Celis, and notable among the teachers are Señoritas Agapita Aquino and Paz Arellano. *Belles lettres* receive more attention than science, and no diplomas can be granted this year by the government for bachelor degrees on account of lack of physical laboratory. The directress hopes that some rich and progressive person will give the P1000 which is necessary to install one, so that young women whose conscientious labor has brought them through so many years to the coveted reward of scholarship, may not be denied it. The title of superior instruction, the same as is granted to the high school graduate, is expected to be conferred in February of this year.

Another striking lack in the institution is a library. The poverty of books is a marked and pathetic fact in most institutions in Manila. Cannot money be placed in the hands of the very able corps of librarians in the American Circulating Library for them to make choice of school libraries somewhat commensurate with the thirst for knowledge of these students?

One pupil, Señorita Encarnacion Gonzales, has finished her work to the Bachelor's degree, and has now completed the course of pharmacy in the Liceo of Manila.

The present president of the Gota de Leche, Señora Calderon, is a graduate of this institute which certainly speaks in the highest praise of her *alma mater*. In mathematics, the course includes trigonometry and calculus, and these branches find as many enthusiasts, in proportion, as in other schools.

The school year commences on the 1st of June, and the term extends to the 21th of December when a vacation is given till the 7th of January. The second term lasts from that date to the 25th or 27th of March, when the final examinations take place, degrees are given, and prizes distributed.

When asked what tastes the pupils showed in their choice of professions, we were told that some elected pharmacy, some law—so one must be prepared for future Portias—but the branch of medicine, singularly, has not attracted anyone, and no one wants to be a nurse! An elementary course is given in gymnastic exercises, the ordinary genuflexions of boarding schools. A gymnasium is needed here with thorough equipment, and woefully needed, as well as swimming tank, apparatus for basket ball, etc., etc.

"Poor Institute!" added the principal. Poor indeed, where there is no playground for the pupils, no gymnasium for proper physical exercise. But the ambitious young women have gone on in spite of all these drawbacks. One was introduced to us who has received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Señorita Teotico, who is now professor of algebra and geometry—all this learning contained in a small head over which has passed scarcely twenty summers.

The school building has two floors, and a half floor where is the refectory, furnished in severe austerity, and where are set forth the repasts, its barrenness relieved by a print of Christ and an engraving of Da Vinci's last supper. From a small balcony one looks down into the embroidery department and class rooms, partitioned off from this large apartment which serves also, when a wooden partition is lifted, as a chapel. The rough stone arches of the outer walls let in through

their gaping apertures the cool or warm air of this fortunately tropical climate. One large general sala is used as sitting room, and opening out of it is a small dormitory and hospital room, a retiring room for the teachers, and the small, cell-like abode of the principal.

The young ladies of the establishment are exempt from any housekeeping work, all menial duties being performed by servants. Their tasks must be of the slightest, as the material part of this institution has certainly been reduced to a minimum. It reminds one of what one has read of schools of the middle ages, where an ink horn and pen were about all the school furnishing visible.

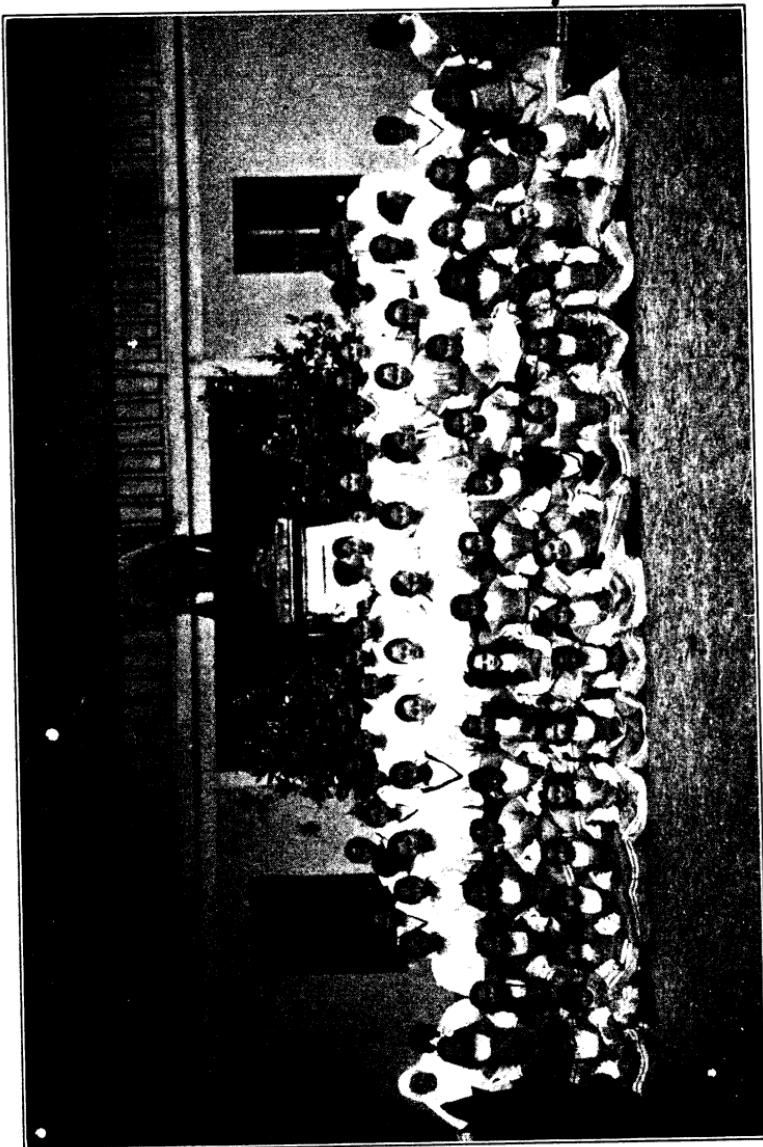
The handiwork shown me was admirable, as in all the schools in the Philippines. Artificial flowers are made here, and very beautifully made; they are a great credit to the natural Oriental aptitude for the minor arts. A very artistic bouquet of these beautiful posies was presented by the directress, and showed delicacy in coloring and accuracy of form. The drawing and embroidery also demonstrate good instruction, but the former indicates a lack of proper models and of limited material.

The young ladies are taught to study from casts and from flowers. Instruction is also given in water colors, according to modern methods. The girls take great delight in their botanical expeditions, and in this way a love of flowers with a knowledge of them is increasing their artistic perception as well. One very handsome piece of Kensington work was shown, but in this school it is easy to see that handicraft is subordinate to the development of the intellect, which of course, is as it should be.

One of the graduates, Dolores Velarde, the actual professor of literature, has distinguished herself as a writer, and has contributed excellent prose work to the rising Filipino press. This touch with the wider life, an outlook into the life of the hour, is what the clear-browed woman who is at the head of this institution most desires for her school. It is modern in spirit, modern in aspiration, but alas not modern in equipment. It is terribly crippled for want of funds to carry out what the large minds and souls of those who are guiding its destinies desire. They have achieved truly admirable results in the past ten years, a fact acknowledged by both the government and the public and can it not be that the public, realizing the eminent importance of so great a work, shall contribute to the erecting of suitable buildings on a suitable site for this most admirable institution?

The first vision which was had of the Instituto de Mujeres was of a hundred and fifty students kneeling in prayer in the bare chapel, their covered heads bowed in that religious fervor which is the crown of all womanhood. This institute aims at liberal education, based upon principles of right, and has distinctly set forth that it will not seek to control or coerce the religious views of any. It has admirably grasped modern catholicity; that catholicity which teaches adherence to the best in the faith of our fathers, but with an ever widening outlook and comprehension as to what faith means, to what it can accomplish in human lives.





In the court of the peaceful home-school for orphans—Looban

**THE LOOBAN ORPHAN
ASYLUM**



URROUNDED by high walls, conventional convent walls, there has stood in Paco, for twenty-five years, an institution which is sheltering about one hundred orphan girls and children. An orphan asylum offers nothing in itself of originality or character that it should be a marked place in this community, but Looban is more than a conventional asylum, and that fact is what is of interest.

If you pass down the narrow European road which leads out towards Paco, and Santa Ana beyond, you can, at almost any hour of the day, hear the animated hum of youthful life and occasional subdued laughter, the music of contented healthy childhood.

The care of Looban does not begin as at the Hoscipio, with babyhood. Children are entered here at six years of age, and from that year they are clothed and fed and educated until at seventeen or eighteen or nineteen, as their ability proves they are fitted to go out and shift for themselves in the wider home of the city and islands. That is, unless Hymen has claimed them, as he often does, to adorn some home within this greater household of life.

Around these walls extend kitchen gardens, where the vegetables of our markets are growing in tender and edible green. And beyond stretch the vaster growths of rice paddies, lying far out toward the Pasig and Laguna. It is in reality on the edge of a farming country, and open spaces, enchanting views of wide horizons, from which every wind that blows brings

into the large dormitories, the ample *caieda*, which is converted into a chapel by opening the oratory doors at one end, and the refectory, breezes which are salutary and strengthening. The building stands with wide motherly arms, stretching out as if to embrace the life of childhood, which it so cordially receives and protects.

There have been two epochs in the history of Looban, one of struggle and obscurity, this lasting over a period of some twenty years, and the life of today, full of hopeful solvency and trustful expectation of a brighter future.

As a monk founded San Juan de Dios, so a nun, living today and humbly serving in this same institution, which is her gift to her country, founded Looban.

She was the owner once of valuable property in the provinces, and after entering the Sisterhood of the Concordia, having consecrated her goods to God, with one of those inspirations some spiritual people have, she anticipated a great need long before it was actually felt, and laid out in her charitable heart a dream which she certainly has lived to see far on its way to triumphant realization. When a desire was expressed to meet this notable person, a very laconic answer was given, that it was unnecessary as she was occupied in the kitchen!

In the year 1885, Trinidad de Forti, who owned a large tract of land on the edge of Paco, lying between Paco and Concepcion, a widow, sold the same to a Sister of Charity, this Filipino woman who had come up from the provinces and become a nun in the Concordia. The price paid was four thousand pesos, which investment proved fortunate in more senses than one,

inasmuch as the rest of her fortune was dissipated by relatives and other insurrec[t]os!

In the same year was commenced the present building, which was the central part of the actual one. Under its roof were gathered thirty-three orphans, and these were supported by the same person, out of the funds of a *finca*, and the work of the children. Seven nuns coming out from Spain, Sisters of Charity, took charge of the work.

As the consequence of war, and other causes, this *finca* depreciated and was sold, leaving the children without a cent of resource, except the chance charity of individuals and their own labor. Little by little debts were accumulated to the amount of two thousand pesos, but "Thanks be to God," continues the narrator, "a club, having presented former Governor Ide with a check for two thousand pesos, he turned it over to the Archbishop for charity, and on his recommendation, this sum made the payment of the past debts of Looban." The American Government then subsidized the institution to the extent of one hundred and twenty pesos and seventy-five centavos per month, for help to the orphans, who today number ninety-five without counting many other poor children who are taken in as temporary guests, or guests of long epochs, who have living parents unfortunately less than useless, as they neither support their offspring, nor permit others to do so, without being an incubus. So, the gift of Governor Ide began the real epoch of financial solvency of this institution, and "as unto him who hath it shall be given," the Electric Light Company, through the generosity of Mr. Laffin and Mr. Graves, the allowance of fifteen pesos of illumination per month has been granted for the past three years. The city

fathers emulating these benefactors, give 200 cubic meters per month of water.

Señor Teodoro Yangco, noting that the children were suffering from mosquito bites from sleeping without mosquito nets or beds, and that this resulted in many skin diseases, was so touched that he gave one hundred beds,—not only beds, but excellent beds. These are now furnished with spotless mosquito nets, and from this day the cases of skin disease have ceased and all but disappeared.

The present Governor-General, Mr. Forbes, has, from the first of his term, taken an active interest in the affairs of Looban. He made a visit to the institution shortly after taking the oath of office, and was instrumental in raising the subsidy from its former figures to three hundred pesos per month, the actual allowance of the Government. Thanks to this most opportune aid, the institution is really on its feet. Formerly, for example, the children were allowed meat but twice a week, and now, the present executive, who has not the satisfaction of knowing "a chicken is in every pot," can enjoy that of the fact that Looban has meat every day and a very good quality of rice.

The rate of illness has markedly decreased, owing to this betterment of the food, and the Mother Superior is confident that her children will continue in this excellent state of health.

The Electric Car Co. have also given gratis, car rides, and last year granted twenty days of free transportation to Pasay for the children to take salt baths, which has proved most healthful for the children.

A more critical problem now presents itself in the lack of room. A new building is being erected, which has only reached one floor, and the applications for

entrance are numerous, the figures of these cases reaching into the hundreds and as the Superior says she is often sick at heart over this constant obligation of refusing worthy applicants, her heart being as large "as all out doors."

From Manila and the provinces they come, beginning to be received. They are generally brought here by friends and each case is investigated, and if possible, entered. After sixteen years of age, no one is received. There are ten sisters in charge, partly native and partly Spanish.

The education of the Looban children covers on an average a period of six years. The day I called, in the primary grade, there were about seventy pupils, some of them day pupils; about twenty little tots on benches, their feet no more than reaching the ground, were conning their lesson, with that half-comic, half-serious air of childhood, full of eager alertness to objects outside of books, which renders them so delicious to look at and so maddening to teach.

In the same room older children were studying with that degree of propriety and ultra seriousness of ten to fourteen years. In the second grade, the program was much more elaborate. Literature, grammar, analysis, arithmetic, English, Bible history, deportment. In the highest grade, the curriculum covers four years and comprises geography, higher mathematics, geometry, rhetoric, natural history, Philippine geography, sacred history, universal history, selections from great poets and prose writers, general literature, etc. Examinations are held every three months, and final examinations for grading the pupils occur once a year.

The teachers are all seemingly well adapted and thoroughly interested in their work, but the one who

has charge of the higher classes has that supreme quality which differentiates teachers from a born teacher—for teachers “are born, not made.”

Leading out from the school-room is the work-room, aired superbly, high windows open even in wet weather to every breeze. Seventy girls at work on a great variety of feminine labor, in which is included the fine art of embroidery. Handkerchiefs, with wonderful initialing, so fine it seemed like painting, which illusion was carried out by the use of black silk, doilies of piña and linen, large napkins of ornamental lettering, dresses for children, and above all, a piece that would repay any visitor to the convent to see, a communion cloth for the Jesuit Church, done in such magnificent design of flowers, and such faultless perfection as to deserve a place in any collection of handwork. The young ladies make their own dresses, and at one table, a charmingly sympathetic señorita of some seventeen summers, was cutting out one of those bewildering fan-shaped skirts they all manage to wear with so much grace. *Trajes de gala* and uniforms are kept with that privacy all women delight in, each in her separate compartment, in one of those beautifully polished wardrobes, that were tantalizingly closed, but which, doubtless, were as neat inside as out. Looban pays far more attention to personal matters, dress, dressing of hair, and deportment, than many high class paid schools. Yet through all, there is a wonderful cheeriness and seeming ease, and lack of forced politeness, or discipline.

In the large toilet room, where ninety-five porcelain bowls are set in fine blue tiling, each young girl has a nice Turkish towel and a bag to hold her comb. Upon the walls are the names of each one entitled to use these articles framed, as well as are, the rules of order for

each inspector, who has some eleven girls in charge. The dormitories are a sight to delight one with their rows on rows of spotless beds, each with its white spread and two pillows dainty as in any girl's bedroom, and it is not without a certain drawing at the throat that one looks at them and thinks of the homeless heads which Christian love has pillow'd there for these past years.

The long *caieda* is paralleled by an almost equally large play-room, from whose windows the views are as fine as any in the city, unless it be from the roof garden of the new Elks Club. This room awaits the gift of some generous heart in the shape of gymnastic equipment, dumb bells, etc.

The infirmary consists of two large rooms on the top floor opening out on a balcony which serves as a dining-room when the weather is pleasant. They are in a wing which juts out into the open and commands views on all sides. The ailments of the patients consist of cold in the head and toothache, principally, and would certainly seem puerile enough to a nurse.

The refectory presents rows of cement tables, imitation of marble, which have the advantage of cleanliness and attractiveness. Upon each at each place is a porcelain plate of good quality, a glass, knife, fork, spoon and napkin. In this room are partaken the four daily repasts: breakfast at seven, dinner at twelve, lunch at three, supper from seven to eight. During the meals one of the children or young ladies mounts on the wooden reading desk, and reads from the lives of the saints, the saint's story of the day—a quaint old custom of the middle ages, but certainly quite as good as silly and vapid gossip, which mars many a more ambitious feast.

Going on to the kitchen, one passes the laundry. An old fashioned one truly, but where señoritas doubtless do quite as good work as in more modern establishments. With a childlike glee, which those who know her recognize as peculiarly belonging to the Mother Superior, she pointed out that if the weather did not permit that day of drying the clothes, it was "blowing somebody good" by filling the tanks with rain water.

In the kitchen, the founder of the institution was seated superintending the dinner of these homeless orphans, to whom she gave her property so long ago. She laughed quietly as she was introduced and was much amused that it was important to mention this fact! The Filipino girls have two dishes at each principal meal with rice and desert, eggs, meat, fish and fruit.

It is a simple menu and we would like to think the little tender-hearted nun, who gave this institution to God, might have the satisfaction of someday superintending a more elaborate one. Her patience has the sublimity which can still afford to wait.

This rounds out an ordinary day's visit to Looban, but one must see it on their Saint's Day, when, radiant with Spanish flags, it has its apotheosis, and in a blaze of color, and with girlish voices, the praises of youth and health, it is lifted up beyond the work-a-day hours into that resplendent thing, a roof which has, if any on earth can claim it, the protection and approbation of an Eternal Father.

**LOLOMBOY
MODEL SETTLEMENT**





LOLOMBOY, to the men who founded it, means a chance. A royal chance, for they have thought of their own boyhood, its dreams, its good desires to grow up into men strong and valiant, and it is a work into which heart and soul have gone.

To set a boy in a city is a chance, but not the one these men wanted, for full physical vigor, and robust manliness.

Lolomboy is about one hour from the centre of our city, at Marilao, set in the centre of rice fields on the edge of a barrio, with that greatest heritage of youth, health, coming to you in every breath. The money which made this institution possible came from the gifted diplomat, Monsignor Agius, who has been entrusted with the weighty matters of the church he represents in the Philippines. Two thousand pesos was the generous sum donated for the boys, and from his donation has sprung, and will, a work of major importance to the State and to humanity in the Orient. The Archbishop of Manila, who has had, and has but one dominant idea, the uplifting of the Filipino people, accepted the offering and knew at once what to do with it, and where.

Lolomboy was purchased from the Government, and the price paid was twenty-two thousand pesos and a term of twenty years was granted for payment, the lands purchased being a part of the much discussed friar lands.

Since, about twelve thousand pesos have been expended on the buildings and garden. This does not include the new building, which is now in process of construction.

A committee of gentlemen, of which the chairman is the Archbishop and the honorary members Vice-Governor Gilbert, General Bandholtz, Speaker Osmena and the mayor of Manila, with Don Francisco Reyes as its chief executive, have charge of the affairs of Lolomboy. Among active members is Captain Green of the police force. On the committee, serving admirably in the work of the institution, are the well known business men Mr. Lambert and Mr. E. E. Elser.

All the financial part is administered from the Hospicio, Señor Irastorsas, the head of the Hospicio, being the financial manager. All the money for the work, apart from the gift of the Papal Delegate, came from the funds of the Hospicio, and it is really an off-shoot of this institution.

The corps of teachers for the Reform School boys will be chosen from Bilibid, and will at once, on a transfer of these boys to Lolomboy, commence their industrial training.

The building, which is about half completed, of stone and wood, which will house two hundred children, will be finished about March 1, when, doubtless, a formal opening of the institution will take place. Instruction will then begin in furniture making, hat making, all kinds of manual work and agriculture.

On the removal of these children to Lolomboy, the Hospicio will be cleared of its masculine youth, and its prestige will be raised to that of a college, and its educational program will be the same as that of other

colleges for young ladies in the Philippines. Pupils will be received, day pupils and boarding pupils.

The committee of Lolomboy meets once a month, and Señor Reyes, who is well known to Manila people as the consul from Italy, makes his report, and a very satisfactory one it must be, in view of the admirable results, i. e., the reconstruction of this former ruin to its present artistic and sanitary condition.

If you take one of the comfortable trains of the Manila and Dagupan Railroad, or an automobile, in a short hour you will be out in the cool places, where rise, amid the green of mango trees and date trees and the mystic swaying of bamboo trees and the dreamy palms, on the edge of a barrio, the walls of the country estate of Lolomboy. The provincial scenery is well known to the Manila public: groups of stray carabao at this season browsing in the fields of russet brown, stripped of the rice harvest; here and there the bright red calico pantaloons and umbrella hats, the remnants of the harvest stacked about. From the terrace of Lolomboy you can see such an expanse of fields and woods, across which, at a distance, moves the train, as uplifts the *morale* at once.

In this environment stands a house somewhat resembling a French *chateau*, formerly a country house of monks. Its walls are ancient, dating from several hundred years, and are of massive masonry. During the revolution, the Dominican Fathers, its former owners, were obliged to abandon this property as it was so isolated. The walls had still, at the time of its purchase, the holes through which they intended to defend their domain. The American Government occupied the building for some time as a residence for their officers. Last year, the initial transaction was

made, and steps taken to provide comfort and home-likeness for the inmates. In August, the first sisters took up their abode there. There were three of them, and since that date, three Mothers have looked after a household of a hundred.

The Superior, Soeur Angela—auspicious name—was the founder of the babies' department of the Hôpicio, and has given twenty-six years to that institution. She adds that she worried so much over the little ones' illnesses and took to her bed so often when they died, that they thought best to transfer her to Lolombóy.

Surely no one could be chosen better fitted to mother the two or three hundred boys than this sweet faced sister, whose every motion seems to indicate tenderness and benevolence. Her two assistants, Soeur Vicenta and Soeur Marcelina, complete the trio of Christian Graces who preside over the destinies of this Home.

Early in the morning, to the accompaniment of a rare musical festival, a sort of *sangerfest*, where birds are contending for the first place, the sound of the children's voices, strong and in unison, comes from the chapel, reciting the liturgy of the communion service. Through the windows floods the sun, inundating the woods near by, awakening even jaded city pulses to a feeling of enthusiasm.

The house is built in the form of a cross, with arched ceilings. Portraits of the Pope and of the founder of the school are on the walls. The chapel is very commodious and in excellent taste, and from the sacristy is a view out over the country of river and hill that is enchanting. At its feet is a kitchen garden, where several acres of vegetables delight the eye.

Yes! far more than any horticulture in this land of few vegetables.

Near the chapel are large rooms, which will be soon furnished as dormitories, and farther on, a class room, beautifully ventilated, in which busily conning their lessons were sixty-four children. The grades are third, second and first, and the ages range from eleven to four years.

The Government will furnish books. Maps are hung, fine ones, about the walls, and the faces were unusually attractive. The district superintendent of Pangasinan met *en voyage*, affirms that the boys of Lolomboy are most unusually interesting little chaps, very forward in intelligence, and offering a great variety of study to the visitor. The school hours are from 7:30 to 11:00. In the afternoon from 1:30 to 5:00. They have gymnastic exercises in the morning and games in the afternoon; baseball, of course, that masculine solace for all life's ills and all its ages.

As I entered the class-room, the air like a June day at home blew its sweetness over hundreds of miles of fields, above the heads of the children. A boy at the blackboard was writing a sentence, using a word given him by the teacher. "Let us play a new game this afternoon," in very perfect chirography. Another quickly took his place and with the word flowers wrote: "The flowers are yellow," with not quite such attention to detail. He will doubtless turn out a literary man.

The teacher, Señor Elayda, is a graduate of the Manila High School, and for two months has been giving lessons without books, "making bricks without straw." A reading lesson about Spring and Summer, from the few books in his possession, showed a good degree of

pronunciation, intonation and understanding. When asked if there were none who could give recitations several incipient orators were produced, who are fitting doubtless for the Assembly, and got off their speeches in English with great *eclat*.

Next, the declamatory powers of seven smaller children were tried, and they showed the Filipino's keen sense of humor in as many verses on the different trades and professions they hope to attain to when they are men. This was executed separately and in chorus with great gusto, and to the evident delight in their own eloquence. "Ah children! how like grown-ups you are."

The polite welcome shouted from sound lungs and equally hearty goodbye were very stirring, given in the key of children's voices, that note of eternal joy, the one which never tires.

The children's temporary dining room is large, and set with clean stone tables and neat glass, napkins, silver-handled knife and fork and spoon, all spotlessly clean, at each plate. The domestic work is done by the children themselves—all honor to them for such work, so well done.

The rooms on the ground floor are tiled, as they should be, for so many restless feet to tread, and here are to be held the classes, opening out from the main corridor.

In the wardrobe room, the rows of drawers, with their number, satisfies that desire of possession which is as all-surviving as that of any in human nature. Rows of hats, for a wonder, immaculately clean and preserving their geometrical curve intact, and shirts and trousers without a rent, were visible through the glass windows, doing credit to these faithful Mothers

and their Filipino helpers, whom I had found mending the evening before in the waning light. Mending, that sublime task of womanhood, ageless as motherhood, and as full of her life and love!

Large school rooms contiguous, offer fine opportunity for ozone as well as future intellectual commodities.

A very commodious kitchen was visited, furnished with an excellent American range and set porcelain sinks with fine side slabs for draining. The storeroom is enormous, and the arches which divide its ample proportions remind one again of Roman masonry. Other archways will serve as bathrooms and deposits for wood and other household necessities.

The large downstairs corridors will also serve for recreation for rainy days. Recreation, that safety valve of youth, necessary in all days and in all climates.

The dining room is spacious, and the butler's pantry has also set porcelain sinks for dish washing, and is tiled so that every part can be kept immaculately clean. There is an intention of placing in the room adjoining a printing plant. This is a pet scheme of the present chaplain, Señor Almeida, a Filipino padre, who is already filled with enthusiasm for Lolomboy and has asked to be transferred from his city parish to this quiet country place. He is also planning for artistic training and has a class in singing. The enthusiasm of all the personnel of Lolomboy is what promises most for its future.

The boys of the Reform School who are now in the Hospicio, will naturally be kept separate from these orphan children who have not the taint or stigma of an unfortunate heredity upon them. The half-sick ones, as the chaplain calls them, will be kept entirely apart, the only entrance from their domain being the

one which will conduct them to the chapel. Their own building, partly of stone and partly of wood, is now rising. Its views and its cleanliness and its peace will give them hope, and the glory of sky and field which lies before them, opening out to all possible endeavor and achievement, will bring them the cure for the past. As I watched the children shouting and playing at the sunset hour, while the stones were being laid in place, the words of our greatest singer, written over one of the finest reform schools of America, the Elmira, came to my mind—words that have inspired many a life outside of institutions:

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart."

So may it be for every boy who enters the Industrial School of Lolomboy.

Over the gate of Lolomboy is the name of Pius X. Never in his wildest dreams did the busy brain of the little Italian in his humble home, as he played at games with his peasant companions, think that in a land of calm, under a tropic sun, on the other side of the earth, his name would give hope and protection and promise of future happiness for poor little chaps like these! Yet there are those who do not see miracles in these days, nor understand the romance of faith!

To the men and women who are guiding the destinies of the Filipinos, the call of charity is imperious and imperative. There is no hour like the present. We can surely not leave a more satisfactory past, or hope for a more radiant future, than by contributing time, prayer and life itself, to the enterprise, whatever form it may take, which pays the best dividend on earth and in heaven—service to fellow men.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

This article does not come under the head of the charities of the Islands but is added through the gracious permission of the Mother Superior. The kindly assistance of those in each institution who gave the historic details for this work is acknowledged as well as the critical aid of two literary women of our city, who made the readable value of these articles.



HE problem where to educate one's daughter may not be as bewildering in Manila as in cities of equal size in Europe or America, and yet with the numerous convents, public schools and private institutions it is sufficiently embarrassing to the solicitous foreign and Filipina mother.

The Assumption College, of Calle Herran, has the peculiar *cachet* of youth in years and flavor of the old days in ideals; modern breadth of spirit and exacting standards, all controlled by those who know how and what is best to select not only in books, but in life.

Daughters of mother graduates come back again and again to this school, so full of tender memories to their parents, and during the revolution, when the college was closed, the girls were sent on to London to the college in Kensington.

The Order of the Assumption has been in existence from 1839. It is not surprising to know that it was founded by a French woman, a disciple of Lacordaire.

She was barely twenty-three when she entered on the religious life, but she had already had a very unusual experience of the world. She inherited from her father, a man of Voltairian tendencies, a virile mind, and from her mother a serious nature with a deep sense of obligation.

Under the great abbe she developed the spiritual humility which, added to this, fitted her admirably for a leader. She then met a man whose dream had been to found a college for the instruction of the girls who,

placed by fortune as destined to command, needed therefore all the more thorough preparation, not less than their sisters.

From the first the sisters of this Order may have been said to have illustrated the same graces as the highbred woman who left the world, only to give back to it all that it gives of culture, refinement and symmetry of ideal, in a word—true accomplishment.

The Assumption College in Manila was opened in 1892 as a normal school in Calle Anda, Intramuros. The Spanish Order in Madrid is a royal foundation and the government sent out representatives from this school to take charge of the contemplated higher education of Filipino women and it was the first advance in higher education for women in the Philippines.

All the teachers in the Philippines, women, were obliged to take these normal examinations. The college had also a separate part in the same building, a boarding school which had then the distinction, as it has to day, of being, what is called a misnomer, a first class "finishing school." Both Archbishop Nozaleda and the Governor-General took great interest in this work. The young ladies from the boarding school could also take their diplomas from the normal school.

About 200 young ladies took the normal course. Prominent among the graduates of that normal school in public life today are Señora de Veyra, and Señora Revilla, the able and beloved head of the Instituto de Mujeres.

The Mother Superior at this time was the daughter of a lady in waiting of Queen Isabela, who had figured at court before she became a nun, so she was amply qualified to teach the fine art of deportment to her pupils in the Philippines. After the withdrawal of the

sisterhood in '98 she was made superior of the Assumption college in Rome, where she died two years ago. The school has been fortunate in that it has had only two heads.

The present, an Irish lady, was educated at the Assumption college at Richmond, England, whose educational program ranks with that of first-class academies. This gracious woman, the daughter of "the most distinguished Irishman who ever sat in Parliament, except Parnell," passed ten years of her life in Rome and there, in that city better calculated than any other to eliminate the ephemeral from the enduring, prepared for the task—and no easy one she has today.

The community of the Assumption began life in this building in Calle Herran in 1894. Here began the program of the present head: "To give the girls if not a love at least a taste for intellectual life, to fit them for the adornment of the home and for intelligent, progressive citizenship." Not, by the way, losing the graces of the loving woman, while they were acquiring manly thoughts!

The enforced vacation which came in May, '98 was only to make richer and deeper these lives. Crowns and thrones may perish but the upbuilding of the race must go on, and as they looked out of the open windows on that May morning and watched the battle it was not with thoughts altogether disturbed for they had builded for the future. The normal staff was all Spanish except the present Mother Superior and it was at once recalled, passing by way of Hongkong. It was expected that the house would be sold at once, but by the inspiration of the Mother General, a Scotch-woman of true second-sight, it was rented instead, first

as a military hospital and afterward to the city as a cholera hospital.

In 1904 Monsignor Guidi, then delegate to the Philippines, ordered through Rome the re-establishment of the college. The eight sisters arrived at the end of May and opened the school on the 1st of July with fifty pupils. The furniture had all been packed away and, with delicate consideration, the chapel had not been touched.

The details of reorganization were, as the sister from Oxford said, "picturesque." Former Governor Smith, then Commissioner of Education, assisted much in the first trying months of the rebuilding of the school.

There are seven lower grades, high school classes and a college course, which has few aspirants, as the girls think eighteen the age to go home and begin real life. There are 130 pupils in the college and 100 in the free school, for the college is doing a charity work in the building which the enthusiasm of former graduates has built on the grounds. These free school pupils have furnished already teachers to the public schools. Books, stationery, all school appurtenances are furnished these pupils by the college free. All primary grades are taught here and also embroidery. Normal instruction is also given to such of these girls as are seen capable of receiving it.

In the community of the main college the language is French and the language of the young ladies is English. Four class hours are given a real hour of sixty minutes per week to the different topics—history, language, science, mathematics, religious instruction, etc., with an hour a day for needlework. Each girl has about twenty or twenty-five hours per week class work and

an adequate amount of preparation. The first place is given to language, the second to history, as should be everywhere and always for women.

Facts, dates and a good deal of original work is required on events and characters; the former teacher was the Oxford sister, who has imbibed the love of ancient things from her native town, says she felt quite incongruous teaching American and history. The lady who has relieved her embarrassment is an American, the daughter of Admiral Potts, educated at Trinity college, Washington, and afterward in the Assumption college in Paris.

The young ladies show great interest in civil government and in questions which will bear on their own political future.

The cast of mind the sisters think resembles not a little the Italian; there is the same intense love of beauty, easy discouragement and ardor for high rank, a love of studies which require appreciation rather than initiative. Great love of sports is also marked, even in the heat of the day, and an army officer comes twice a week to teach drill from which most beneficial results have been received.

The house pupils rise at six and go to bed at eight-thirty. There are four recreation periods for the children, three for the larger girls. The same costume is worn uniformly by the day pupils and boarders. Out at Pasay there is a sort of country house where the delicate can go for sea bathing and where the vacations are spent.

A gymnasium is one of the desires for the future, and would certainly be a most appreciated addition to this finely equipped school.

Examinations are held twice a year, in October and March, both oral and written. One subject is given per day. The European method of holding long examinations extending over several hours has been abandoned. After the March examinations comes the graduation, this year to be held on or near the 25th. The exercises are musical, with recitations, awarding of medals, and giving diplomas.

In the department of music, they follow the program of the Royal College of Musicians in London. Eight years is required for this course, six grade years and two years of college course after that. Four separate years of theory are given at the same time as the practical part. A marked disposition for lighter music is found, particularly melodies. One of the young ladies, Señorita Cecilla Araneta, has decided genius in the interpretation of the masters and in sight reading. This gifted young woman is but fifteen years old. She surprised her teacher on her Feast Day by playing the chapel organ for a chorus of children, all her own arrangement, and it seemed like a miracle as it was not known that she had ever touched the organ before.

Brilliacy is a strong part with Filipinos in music, not so much perfection as cleverness. Concerts are given from time to time and a benefit for the Free School was held last year by the old pupils and friends of the house. The professor, also an Irish woman, received her musical education in Munich, studying there in the Conservatory for three years. She lays special stress in her training of the Filipina girls on sight reading, transposition and choral singing. They especially take to Irish, English, Scotch and American

songs, and they heartily enter into the spirit of their work.

There are eight in the graduating class; among them are Señorita Yusay, daughter of Judge Yusay, one of the most charming young ladies of Manila, and Señorita Rosario, whose father is so popular a jurist. I met this merry troupe coming down stairs, and found under their arms such books as *Macbeth*, *Higher Rhetoric*, *Literary Summaries*, *college Wordsworth*, etc., etc.

In the fifth grade, a class in fractions seemed thoroughly awake, and the copy books were quite immaculate.

In First Grade A, the little tots were reading from a chart, and from the little primer and the delightful First Year Book. "Memory work is not needed for the Filipinos," said the teacher, "as imitation is their strong point." One of the sisters, barely a week in the Philippines, was hearing her class with the same repose as if she had spent a half century in the Islands.

In the younger children's composition class, books were examined and such subjects treated as the "Battle of Trenton," the "Dog of Flanders" of Ouida, "Animals and their Habits," "Millet's Life," etc.

The young ladies show an awakening intelligence in their desire for good reading, and want to take the leading magazines. The trouble lies in the choice and direction of their reading, as in the family life in the Philippines, little attention is paid to the quality of the books, in whatever language it may be, much to the distress of teachers, who desire a cultivated taste in literature.

If the *sine qua non* of a "finished education" is the sense that you have just begun, then we may truly say that the influence of the Assumption Convent is of a

very high order. One of the cleverest daughters of one of the foremost families of the Islands, went out from here two years ago, expressing as her last word that she felt that she "knew very little." The trust in their teachers, these women from Europe find exceptional among these Filipina girls, and their assimilation is most rapid, especially in the matter of a cultivated vocabulary, sometimes acquired to an amusing degree. Great sensitiveness as to race discrimination is found; but these girls are quite willing to take individual reproof and even severe criticism.

As you enter the buildings at the right, through the *antecamera*, a large reception room with lofty windows introduces you to the library. Set in the grating of the windows everywhere are the initials "A. C," making with the wrought iron arabesques, a fine bit of decoration.

The girls' dining room is beyond, where the tables are laid out in china made in Spain, with the monogram of the college, and at one end a high carved-backed chair holds the reader who reads the religious meditation of the day. The lofty corridors of the cloister around the quadrangle continually bring to mind some quiet nook in Europe. I admired what was supposed to be ancient trees, when my guide said "Yes, they are from twelve to fifteen years old." Such is the prodigious prestidigitation of the Orient!

At the head of the broad polished staircase, truly a royal staircase, stands a little replica in bronze of the well-known statue in St. Peters at Rome, of that most impetuous, faulty and lovable of the apostles. Off from the long halls are the dormitories where the beds for the little, littler and littlest are graduated, like those of the three bears, in size. The girls of the middle form

have fine wooden beds, with dignified sculpture, wide berths and high ceilings. The biggest girls have long imposing rows of spotless white, and by a clever arrangement of curtains, can shut themselves into a white cell.

The second seniors' room for classes on the same floor is of unusually imposing proportions, handsomely furnished, looking out upon the grounds of the Medical School, to which some ambitious girl may in the future aspire.

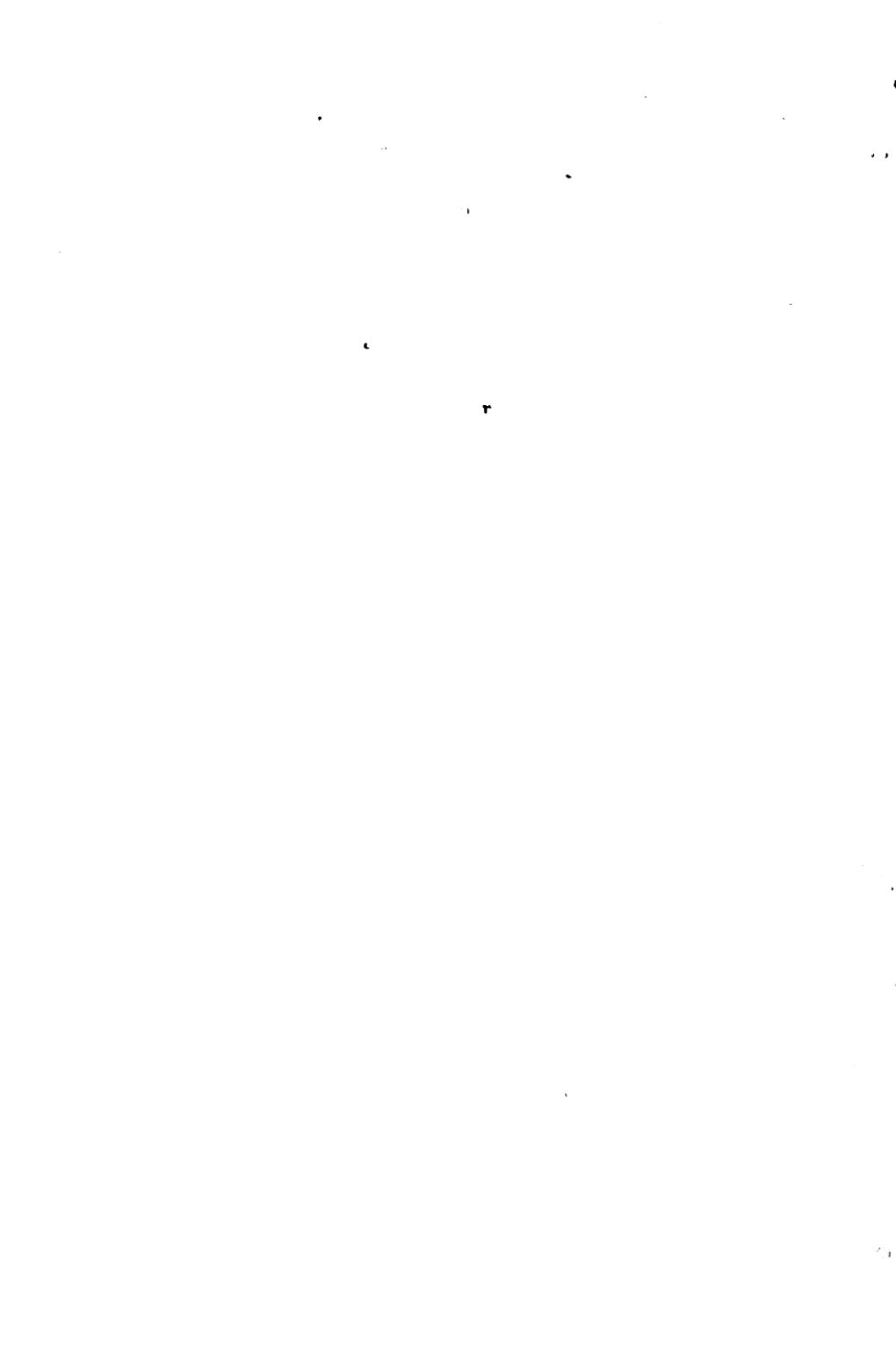
Next, let us tread softly, for we are before the door of the seniors' room. How few seats, alas! High altitudes are always sparsely settled. A work room large in size, beautiful floors, finely polished tables for cutting, with casts adorning the walls, has a rare outlook upon the rose garden, where grows almost every kind of these woman's bewitching favorites, even to the tea rosé. Just one corner of the Civil Hospital is seen also.

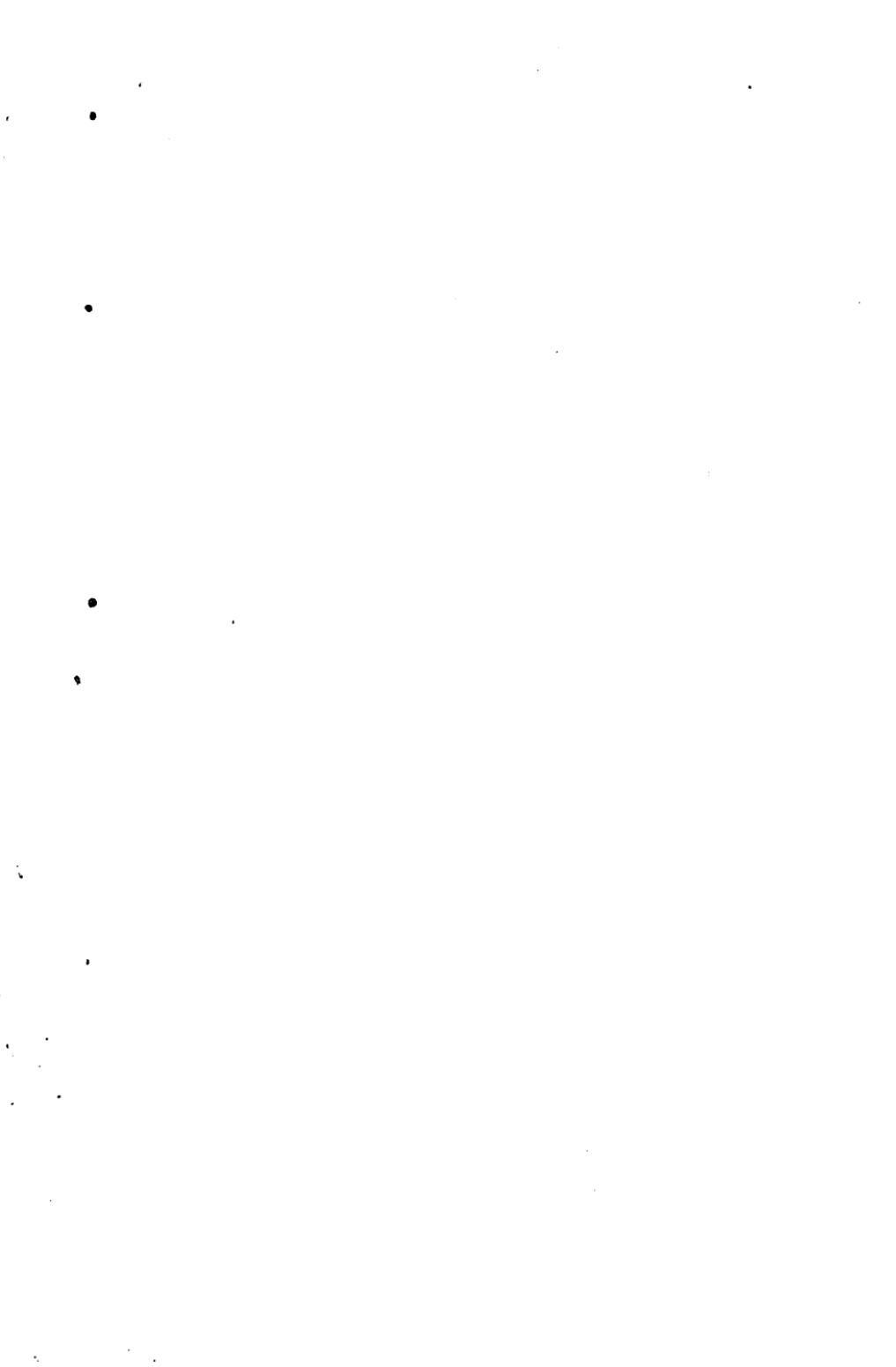
Off from this same corridor, from the choir loft, you can look down on the Gothic Chapel. Oh! the perennial delight of it. The rest to soul and mind of this rare bit of the best expressions of architecture. The rose window gleamed and the soft bulbs of the electric lights brought out the delicate tones of the grey pillars, till the whole seemed like some pearl of the Southern Seas. The nuns were chanting matins below, the mellow voices echoing through the mellow arches, while outside still lingered the light of a garish day. How garish it seemed in the soft calm of body and spirit in this first of Manila chapels!

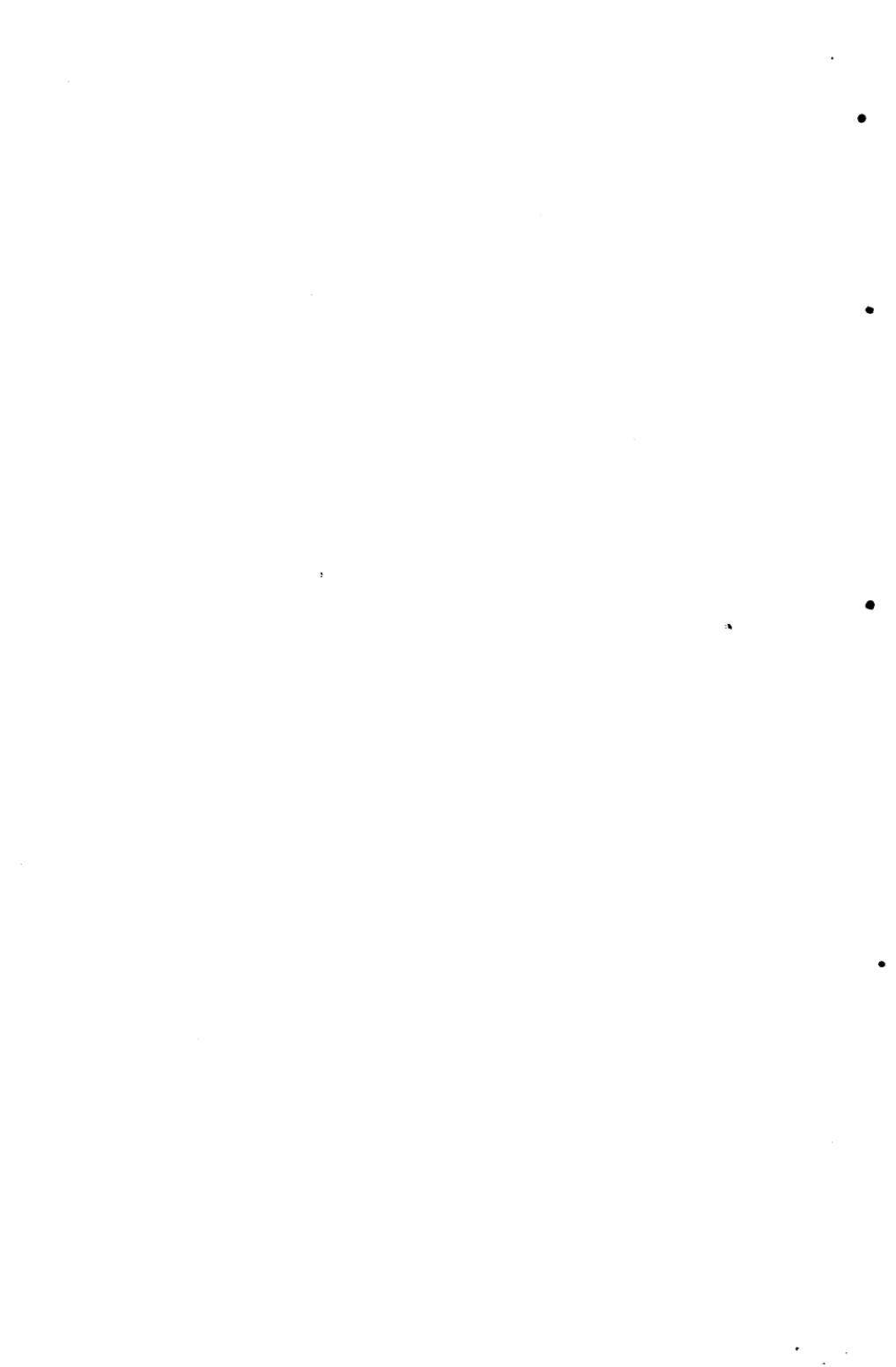
Among the most fascinating pages in the life of that many-sided woman, Madame de Maintenon, are those relating to her interest in and correspondence

with the girls of St. Cyr. She, who ruled the greatest king of Europe, took time to enter into the details of these lives, just beginning the great drama, nor did not think it beneath her to protect and care for the small needs and ambitions of these young women. Had she shown in her political policy the astounding astuteness and insight into character and the same wisdom in guiding the actions as she showed with the rebellion and follies of these young girls, she would have been set quite apart in greatness, and another of the foremost statesmen of the world. Her idea for the instruction of the favorite daughters of wealth, which was culture, which means the rounding out of character, the selection of what is best in art, in religion in life, dominates the Assumption College today; not deportment which can be learned from the dancing master, but the deportment which is founded on truth, charity, proportion, or balance, all resulting in insight, the final test of culture, and the absolute requisite of a teacher. This is the ideal of these serene women who are fitting the favored girls of Manila to face great opportunities, and it will not be their fault if, in later years, these pupils fail to illustrate that noblest motto which expresses the essence of knighthood, and is the stamp in all ages among every race and every creed, of a well-born, well-bred, well-educated man, or woman, "*Noblesse Oblige*."











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